

# THE ATHENÆUM

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**VOLTAIC ELECTRICITY.**—Professor DANIELL will commence his LECTURES on CURRENT AFFINITY and its Associated Forces, on MONDAY, February 27, at 3 p.m. To be continued on Tuesdays, Thursdays, Fridays, and Mondays, to the end of the Course.—For particulars apply at the Secretary's Office.

JOHN LONSDALE, Principal.

**GEOLOGY.—A COURSE OF EIGHT LECTURES** will be delivered in the THEATRE of the MARLBOROUGH INSTITUTION, 17, Edward-street, Portman-square, by CHARLES LYLE, Esq., F.R.S., to commence on TUESDAY, March 7, at 3 o'clock, and to continue on each succeeding Friday and Tuesday till the 31st of March. Tickets, 12s. for the Course. Tickets and Syllabus to be obtained at the Marlborough Institution, and at Mr. Murray's, 50, Albemarle-street.

**HOMOEOPATHY.—A COURSE OF FIVE POPULAR LECTURES** on the above Science will be delivered by JOHN EPPS, M.D., at the Western Literary and Scientific Institution, Leicester-square, to commence on FRIDAY, March 3rd, at eight in the Evening, and each succeeding Friday. Tickets may be had at the Institution on the nights of Lectures, and at Mr. George N. Epps', Homoeopathic Chemist, 12, Great Russell-street, 1s. single Lecture, 3s. the Course.—The entrance to the Theatre is in Princes-street.

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LONDON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 1843.

## REVIEWS

*Narrative of a Voyage round the World, including Details of the Naval Operations in China, &c. from 1836 to 1842.* By Capt. Sir Edward Belcher, R.N. 2 vols. Colburn.

Nor a little new light would be thrown on the progress of science, and of mercantile enterprise; on the revolutions which the steam engine and other inventions have caused in nautical affairs, and on the increasing intercourse of mankind in general, if some one, having access to the original documents, and otherwise well qualified, were to draw up and publish an historical memoir of the surveys executed under the direction of the hydrographical department of the Admiralty, from its unlucky commencement with the old age and obstinacy of Dalrymple, to its complete and vigorous development at the present day. The India House, too, might add something to the materials here pointed out; so that the name of Horsburgh might occupy its proper place in the history of human progress, and a little of that honour be given to a real benefactor of mankind, which is in general so lavishly bestowed on mere heroes by position. An historical sketch of this kind would be not merely instructive; it would be far more entertaining than might be at first suspected. It would show how curiosity, like love, grows by that it feeds on; how, as knowledge advances, one inquiry leads to another. The motives to each successive survey, and the instructions continually calling for greater accuracy, or directing attention to a larger variety of phenomena, would be often found curiously characteristic of the period to which they belonged. Nautical surveyors would be the greatest gainers by such a history; they would gather from it a little of the philosophy of their profession, and would learn to look at their work more critically.

But again, a general professional history of our nautical surveys would have another advantage, which is not altogether without its weight, since it would frequently serve as a supplement to, or perhaps as an apology for, such narratives as that now presented to the public by Sir Edward Belcher. Here we have an account of a six years' voyage round the world, and through eighty degrees of latitude, which contains no greater amount of novel or interesting information than might have been reasonably expected from a six weeks' tour under any single parallel. Prefixed to the work, we find the hydrographer's instructions, enjoining observations of all kinds on land, sky, and ocean; and directing attention to several disputed questions. These, we dare say, have been settled satisfactorily by Sir Edward Belcher. We are willing to suppose that he has laboured with success as well as diligence to attain the specific object of his mission; but he thought, doubtless, that the additions which he had made to our intimate knowledge of the globe, were of too austere a flavour for the general taste; he has therefore, forsooth, consigned the kernel of his information to the presses of the Admiralty, and has given the shell—light, dry, and empty—to the public. His volumes have the disadvantage of naturally suggesting a comparison with those of Captain Fitzroy, to whose labours he succeeded, and the former are as remarkable for their meagreness as the latter for their overflowing abundance. Yet the narrative of the *Sulphur's* voyage is published under the patronage of the Admiralty; that of the *Beagle* had no such encouragement. The highest patronage, it is obvious, will soon lose its value when it grows capricious; and why the Admiralty should lend their especial

sanction to a work cut on the vulgar popular pattern, and containing no scientific details, is beyond our comprehension.

In September, 1835, the *Sulphur* was commissioned by Capt. Beechey, for the purpose of continuing the survey of the Western Coasts of America from Chili northwards. Capt. Beechey invalidated at Valparaiso in the following year, when our author was appointed to succeed him, and hastened to join his ship by the direct route of the West Indies, crossing the Isthmus from Chagres to Panama. Our author's description of the places visited by him, is in general neither copious nor vivid; but since, nevertheless, the tide of human activity, or in other words, since the current of steam, now sets steadily towards Panama, we shall make room for the following brief notice of this town.

"Panama was formerly a place of some note, but shortly after the visit of Ulloa, about a century ago, may be said to have arrived at its zenith. The remains of the buildings evince wealth, and afford some idea of the extent to which they hoped to carry their improvements. But they are now fast falling into decay. The port is seldom visited by vessels of any size, and the fortifications, which originally were admirably constructed, are rapidly following the fate of the houses. The population is chiefly a mixed race: few Spaniards are to be found. One Englishman, and the American consular agent, comprise all the society we met. This doubtless will change the instant the steam navigation is in force. Inns and lodging-houses must then arise for the accommodation of those pursuing this route. There is every facility for erecting a substantial pier, and improving the inner anchorage, which must follow the arrival of the steamers, unless they still submit to the miserable landing at the scaport gate, which is as filthy as it is inconvenient."

It took much time to explore the coasts from Peru to the Russian possessions, and to examine the reputed harbours lying between those limits; but for us it will be sufficient to glance at a few points which politics or natural circumstances have rendered interesting. We must begin with calling attention to the following sentence of our author's instructions: "As the terminal point of your whole survey to the northward, the magnificent mountain of St. Elias may be named; and its exact position and height should therefore be determined." This mountain, which far overtops all others in the vicinity of the polar circle (its estimated elevation is about 11,000 feet), and which rises but a short distance from the sea-shore, was seen to advantage by our author, as may be collected from the following passage.

"Towards the evening it cleared up, and we were treated with a most splendid picture of St. Elias and all the neighbouring peaks, in full beauty, not a vapour near them. Each range is in itself an object worthy of the pencil, but with the stupendous, proud St. Elias towering above all, they dwindled into mere hillocks, or into a most splendid base on which to place his saintship. Although Vancouver describes St. Elias as 'in regions of eternal snow,' yet his edges, to the very summit, present a few black wrinkles, and the depth of snow does not, even in the drifts, appear to be very deep."

But what avails these vague expressions and turgid admiration? If Sir E. Belcher determined, as he gives us reason to suppose, the height and position of Mount St. Elias, why has he not made known these results in the volumes which he has published under the patronage of the Admiralty? He exhibits the Russians at Sitka in a favourable light; they have fortified their town, maintain a well-stored naval arsenal, and have built one fine vessel. The coast in their vicinity is far more populous than might be conjectured from its aspect; thousands of natives may be collected in a short time, and more than once they have threatened the Russian fortress. A party of the native chiefs paid a visit to the *Sulphur*, and exhibited in their

dress a curious illustration of the influence of fashion, and of the back-currents, as we may say, in the stream of commerce, resulting from it. "Most of the helmet party wore ermine skins, tied loosely about them, which were purchased at the factory, and are imported from Siberia for traffic with the natives." One would suppose that importing ermine skins into the north-western coasts of America, was like carrying coals to Newcastle; but the superiority of the Siberian ermine is so conspicuous, that the chiefs always prefer it. In like manner, perhaps, we may be one day importing into China japanned goods, china ware, papier-maché ornaments, and sweetmeats.

How different from the Russian fortress at Sitka, with its narrow portcullis entrance and watchful sentinels, is the English factory on the Columbia, in the disputed territory of Oregon! Fort Vancouver, as this factory is named, stands about eighty miles in a straight line from the mouth of the Columbia.

"It stands, says our author, about three hundred yards within the northern edge of the river; is a picketed enclosure three hundred yards square, the pickets being eighteen feet high, composed of roughly-split pine logs. No particular attention to strength has been paid in its construction. It is furnished with three gates, two of which are invariably open by day. The houses of residence, as well as storehouses of the company, are within this enclosure, forming two squares. No guard is observed. The trading store is open during working hours, and any increase of number amongst the Indians would not excite uneasiness on the part of the officers. Such was my impression: and conversation, short of putting the direct question, confirmed it. To the westward are situated, without the palisades, at a distance of a quarter of a mile, the hospital and houses of the Canadian establishment, forming a complete village. All is apparently defenceless; although when turned out every man will be found with a well-tried rifle and couteau de chasse, or other efficient means of defence; and their partners are efficient helpmates, in the literal sense of the phrase. Yet, comparing this spot with Sitka and other places, it speaks volumes for the discipline to which the Indians have been reduced, as well as for the content with which all the tribes are evidently imbued. As to the appellation of Fort Vancouver, it is clearly a misnomer; no Fort Vancouver exists; it is merely the mercantile post of the Hudson's Bay Company."

We purposely abstain from discussing the disputed claims to the Oregon territory, and shall only observe, that the English residents at the factory seem to live on good terms with all their neighbours, save the go-ahead squatters from the United States, a class of men always ready to assert rights, but who never acknowledge obligations. Most of the factors marry Indian squaws, and the women of the factory are in general ignorant of the language of their husbands. Slavery, it appears, exists among the natives of the north-west coasts of America, and, according to our author, the sacrifice of slaves is a common mode of bravado among them. "If a chief wishes to insult another, he sacrifices to him a certain number of slaves. It would be loss of stamp if the opponent failed in dispatching an equal number, but generally a larger number answers the insult. This may continue till they have expended their stock, when they possibly come to personal attack, assisted by their allies of the tribe." South of the Columbia River, the native tribes appear to grow more formidable. They are mixed with and incited by the red men exiled from the United States; near the Mexican borders they possess also countless droves of horses, and with an equestrian life easily acquire predatory habits.

On the northern confines of California our author successfully explored the Rio Sacra-

mento, which he ascended about 150 miles, and found to be a fine stream, flowing through a rich level country, covered with immense timber, and liable to inundation in the rainy season. Wild grapes in great abundance overhung the smaller trees. It is observed by our author, that "probably no part of Western America can produce timber of the dimensions grown in the regions of the Colombia, and the northern confines of California. Among the drift trees on the banks of the California, we measured one 174 feet in length, by 20 feet in circumference."

We are assured, by an unexceptionable authority, that in the pine forests of California there are trees to be seen 300 feet in height; and if the height of the tree may be judged of from the magnitude of its cones, we can attest that the above estimate is certainly not excessive.

We now follow our author to the Sandwich Islands, which he visited in the first instance at a period of great excitement, but as his feelings seem to have caught the general contagion, we cannot adopt his opinions respecting the present state of that interesting group without some qualification. Two Catholic missionaries having arrived at those islands, the king, at the instigation of the resident Protestant missionary, forcibly expelled them, and sent them in a British vessel to the coasts of California. Our author's interference was required to prevent the recurrence of similar acts of tyranny. Under these circumstances, it is not surprising that he should speak in harsh terms of missionary rule. These religious teachers, it appears, have thought proper to put a stop to all labour not required by themselves, and maintain so strict a discipline, that "no slavery under the sun deserves to be so severely questioned as that of the Sandwich Islands." Our author adds:—

"What idea can the chiefs have of the amelioration they were to experience from a change of religion? How can these islands rise in the scale of importance, if the climate and amazing fertility of soil which has been bestowed on them, is not to be made available? What have the missionaries done for them? This question is beyond my powers of reply. But I can safely assert that, in the years 1826-7, above eighty sail of whale ships, as well as traders, entered the port of Honolulu; and that number was, I understood, present at one time. At this moment it is almost deserted. And, instead of the thriving plantations, which at that period promised well, we have now a great increase of spirit shops. Formerly the streets were clean and quiet, and it was rare to notice a native intoxicated. They indulged freely in aquatic exercises, ablutions, &c., and were apparently free, happy, and cheerful; but a miserable contrast remains; they are now chafallen and miserable."

It can hardly be doubted that the missionaries in the Sandwich Islands have gone to work with narrow-minded views and an ascetic temper. On the other hand, it is hardly credible that among so many European residents, they should have been able to accomplish all the mischief which is ascribed to them. To excuse the warmth with which he discusses these topics, our author reminds us of the fact, that the flag of the Sandwich Islands is quartered with that of Great Britain. This is truly a novel and heraldic ground of reasoning, but it serves to convince us, nevertheless, that the domestic policy of the unhappy King of the Sandwich Islands vibrates between the impulses of missionaries and commanders of men of war, and that he is thus prevented from evincing any energy or adhering to any uniform system of conduct. The evil of imperious advisers, in uniform, whom every wind may bring, is severely felt in all the islands of the Pacific Ocean. In consequence, our author observes, on his arrival at Tahiti, "I expected, as an old acquaintance, to have met a cordial reception from the Queen, but I subsequently learned that she had been so much harassed by threats of

vengeance from various nations, that she hardly knew whether I had not come to make some new demand for satisfaction." But an opportunity for his interference soon presented itself. The Queen of the Society Islands has an ill-conducted husband, some of whose irregularities were brought under our author's notice. The latter advised legal proceedings, attended at the trial, then arrested the course of the law, and was satisfied with launching a cold thunderbolt at the delinquent in a speech. Now mark the consequence:—

"I was much surprised, on the day following, by a visit from the consul, who, to my astonishment, informed me that he was the bearer of a message from the queen, intreating my stay until the May meeting, (on the Wednesday following,) as the king, in a fit of intoxication, had treated the queen in a most brutal manner, in the high road; having attempted to kill her with a stone. Being foiled by her female retinue, and two young men who were passing, he had seized her by her hair, and had it not been for those about, doubtless would have destroyed her. The queen fled to the house of a cooper, where she was concealed. It appears that he had fallen from his horse in a fit of intoxication, and she had rushed to his assistance with all the warmth of affection, which was thus repaid. On his return to the house, he destroyed all her presents of dresses, bonnets, ornaments, &c., and attempted to fire the house. It was the professed intention of the queen 'to move for a divorce, and that he be returned to Huahine.' The consul immediately took the queen under his protection, and having requested my interference, I assured her that four days' delay was important to me, but if she would assure me of her determination to rid herself of such a dangerous and detestable character, and immediately summon the judges, I would not only wait, but also convey him to his island (Huahine). To my utter astonishment, the consul informed me the day following, that she had forgiven him, and returned, thanking me in the warmest terms for my attention."

It is obviously unwise to exert in such affairs a power which is but temporary and short lived. The *Sulphur* might have conveyed the Queen's consort to Huahine, but what could have prevented a canoe from carrying him back again to Tahiti? As to the improvement of Tahiti, our author's testimony is brief, obscure, and unsatisfactory. He merely says:—

"With respect to the present condition of the Tahitians, it is my decided opinion, that with the introduction of dress, the peculiar religious feeling which I noticed in 1826 has vanished. They were then simple in the extreme; they are now comparatively civilized. The introduction of foreigners has broken down the legal barrier which restrained them."

Raratonga, the scene of the late Mr. Williams's exertions, is the island in which the work of the missionaries appears to the greatest advantage. Unmolested by mercantile adventurers, or runaway seamen, they here show themselves animated by a gentler spirit. Here they encourage industry, which they elsewhere depress. The following passage gives a pleasing outline of their progress:—

"With all the difficulties incident to missionary progress, one is not a little surprised to meet, not only with the conveniences, but also the comforts, of a well-furnished house. These are principally native, but the result of missionary instructions; care having been taken to teach them useful arts. They manufacture tables, chairs, and sofas, with cane bottoms, fit for any of the middling classes in England. These form an article of export to Tahiti, and a pair of their arm-chairs grace my cabin. The wood of the Tamau, from which they are manufactured, may vie with Hondums mahogany in beauty, and is far superior in durability. Four very neat stone cottages were just completed, having two good rooms each; these are intended for the students in the college about to be built where Mr. Buzacott's house now stands. In the present school-room, where they have also a printing-press, I was shown the production of

one of the native scholars, being a manuscript copy of the New Testament, in progress, the writing clear and intelligible, the scholar a native missionary, probably to be forwarded to some island where Christianity is unknown. The church is an extensive wood and plaster building, capable of accommodating about one thousand persons; it occupies one side of the road, and the native school the opposite."

But here, again, we have an instance of injudicious and uncalled-for interference:—

"It is to be hoped that this island may be spared the introduction of foreign settlers, as at Tahiti and Oahu; for when that commences, adieu to peace and prosperity! I used my best efforts to alarm the chief, as well as Mr. Buzacott, in order to induce them to watch this point jealously; and I trust with effect. A very judicious code of port regulations is printed, and a copy furnished to every vessel on arrival; non-compliance excludes communication. Deserters find no refuge. Spirits are prohibited; and order at night is insured by preventing any foreigner remaining on shore after dark."

It is manifest that the Chief of Raratonga has no power to exclude foreign settlers from his island. If one commander of a man-of-war urges him to exclude strangers, perhaps the next who arrives will mulct him for so doing. Besides, it is strange that our author should find that foreign settlers are an evil in the Society Islands, while they are an advantage in the Sandwich Islands. In speaking of the latter, he deeply laments that they are no longer the favourite resort of the South Sea whalers, the most demoralizing of all visitors. He likewise denounces, in strong terms, the prevalent belief that the rapid decrease of population throughout the Islands generally, is due to the intercourse with Europeans. But this fact is incontestably established; from Pitcairn's Island to New Zealand, wherever Europeans land and maintain an intercourse, a blight seems to fall on the native population, who rapidly and uniformly diminish. As yet we have met with no sufficient explanation of this remarkable phenomenon, for we cannot believe, with Dr. Dieffenbach, that blankets and potatoes are the causes of the mortality which continually thins the ranks of the New Zealanders.

At the Tonga Islands again, we hear too little of the natives, and too much of their teachers. Our readers may recollect, that about a year ago, the commander of an English sloop-of-war was killed on one of these islands, while attacking a fort occupied by the heathen opponents of the missionaries. In reference to these transactions our author says:—

"Upon the subject of this 'religious war,' in Tonga (or better perhaps known as Tonga-taboo)—and in which Mr. Thomas appears to take a strong interest, I am much inclined to believe that its origin proceeds from a harshness in making Christians, instead of inducing them to become so by persuasion. The punishments for offences against a forced religion, by a people not long converted, are dealt too unmercifully—are indeed so severe, that we were informed some of the women died under them, and that they were only induced, by the interference of one of our ships of war, to adopt milder measures. It was openly asserted that three and a half inch rope has been used to inflict punishment on women!"

With justice does he add, that "savages are not to be broken in like wild horses." Respecting the Marquesas Islands, we find nothing that is new or valuable in our author's volumes, although he has appended some additional details respecting that group, in consequence of the steps taken by the French to colonize them. A letter has recently appeared in one of the daily papers, stating that the chief curiosities of the island of Nuhahiva (which our author visited) are, a tree a hundred and ten feet in diameter in the middle of the island, and a well of water which has the property of intoxicating. These certainly deserve to be called curiosities, and we wonder how they could have escaped the notice



of one whose business was inquiry and exploration. The fountain alone would be worth the expenses of a war; it would be invaluable for the supply of the navy. Crews sailing on temperance principles might get drunk with its water, and save their consciences; those bound by no pledges might save their rum. The following, in reference to the Feejee Islands, is, we believe, a very highly coloured picture of the truth:—

"The sequel will hardly be credited, yet it is beyond doubt: cannibalism to a frightful degree still prevails amongst this people, and, as it would seem, almost as one of their highest enjoyments. The victims of this ferocious slaughter were regularly prepared, being baked, packed, and distributed in portions to the various towns which furnished warriors, according to their exploits; and they were feasted on with a degree of savage barbarity nearly incredible! They imagine that they increase in bravery, by eating their valorous enemy. This Garingaria is a noted cannibal, and it is asserted that he killed one of his wives and ate her. This he denied, and accounted for her death (which took place violently by his order) on other grounds. He did not attempt a denial of his acts at Banga, nor did Phillips. These occurrences are of late date. I am told they threw one or more of the heads (which they do not eat) into the missionary's compound. The population of the Feejees are very tall, far above the height of any other nation I have seen. Of five men assembled in my tent, none were under six feet two inches. It was rather an awkward subject to tax Garingaria with in his own house, and solely attended by his own dependent, our interpreter; but he took it very quietly, and observed that he cared not for human flesh, unless it was that of his enemy, and taken in battle. When he used this expression, I could not help thinking that his lips were sympathetically in motion, and that I had better not make myself too hostile. I therefore bid him good evening."

The *Sulphur* passed along the coasts of the New Hebrides, New Ireland, and New Guinea, on her way to Amboyna; but our acquaintance with these countries is not improved by our author's volumes, and here, therefore, with the scientific character of the voyage, we might be justified in terminating our remarks. The part which our author took in the naval operations preparatory to the taking of Canton, is already known to the public. He surveyed the channels, piloted the ships, and led on the tars to scale the batteries. We shall not, however, fight all our battles o'er again, and can only admit the following characteristic account of Chinese negotiation:—

"I was then despatched with a flag of truce to Napier's Fort, accompanied by Mr. Morrison, interpreter and secretary to the plenipotentiary. The flag of truce made use of on this occasion, was a large white silk flag, captured at First Bar Fort, and possibly recognised by some of the runaways here. After delivering the despatch, the mandarin in command agreed to give up the fort next day, if I would permit him 'to make plenty of bobbery,' and not put that plum in the gun." I told him, as I should probably have the job, that I would not trouble him, provided he ran away in time."

Our author subsequently captured the official button of a mandarin, who earnestly begged for its restoration. The poor Chinaman's entreaties seem to have excited some mirth among the British officers; but, if we mistake not, the mandarins of the western isles are quite as proud of their buttons, and as well inclined to a little "bobbery" as those of the middle kingdom. We must not omit, that appended to our author's volumes is an 'Essay on the Regions of Vegetation,' by R. B. Hinds, Esq., the surgeon of the expedition; which essay, whatever may be its merits, seems to have no particular connexion with the voyage of the *Sulphur*, but to serve only to make up the measure of the work now published, under the patronage of the Admiralty.

*Griselda, a Dramatic Poem*—[*Griseldis, Dramatisches Gedicht*]. By Frederick Halm. Vienna, Gérolé.

THE "patient Grizzle," in spite of her Italian birth, is no alien to England; we possess a kind of property in her fame, in virtue of its early celebration by Chaucer. Her appearance, therefore, as the subject of a play which has been admired by the Vienna public, supplied more than one motive for curiosity. We felt some anxiety to see how the charming old tale had fared in the playwright's hands; and were glad, at the same time, to learn what kind of works now prosper on a stage to which Körner's early success gave a German reputation.

The tale of 'Griselda' will not be allowed, by one class of poetical antiquarians at least, to betray much of the so-called spirit of chivalry, although it is thoroughly imbued with the character of a feudal age. Others may insist, on the contrary, that it really discovers one of the strongest features of the system, which its panegyrists usually leave unnoticed. The homage due to woman was restricted to those of gentle birth. It was a condescension in the Marquess of Saluzzo to take to wife the child of a humble vassal, which no submission could adequately repay. The indignities to which she was exposed were palliated by the mean estate of the victim; and it would seem natural for her to endure what might have roused a noble lady to rebellion. During her years of probation, Griselda is less a wife than a bondswoman, and all that she suffers is supposed to be fully repaid by the kind of enfranchisement which the husband graciously extends to her at last. There was nothing in this to offend the feelings of the time. Chivalry reserved its sympathies for the well-born: its humanity did not include amongst its objects those 'plebeian' natures, who might deem themselves honoured if their sufferings advanced the reputation, or even ministered to the amusement of the noble. They were as little regarded as the fishes which the girls in Boccaccio's tale catch and fling on the table, to make sport for the royal guest. They died painfully, but the sovereign found pleasure in their struggles—*per la mensa guizzavano . . . di che il rè aveva maraviglioso piacere*.

But it is this very merciless treatment, passing the measure of womanly endurance, that so beautifully unfolds the miracle of Griselda's patience. It required such a trial to display its singleness and perfection: to show to all times a wonder of resignation—the unapproachable idea of feminine meekness and self-sacrifice. It is not a thing of degree; it is unnatural, impossible: no woman—wife or mother—could so endure; but take one scruple away from its perfection, and the improbability becomes hateful: a single expression of impatience or resentment would make all the rest seem monstrous. In Griselda's absolute patience, we behold a kind of supernatural vision, endowed with gentleness which does not belong to this world; and almost lose sight of the cruelty of her persecutor in the glory of resignation which plays around her.

This, however, is not the opinion of Herr Halm, who has had the courage to make a thoroughly modernized version of the old legend. Attempts of this kind are rarely successful, and to render them pleasing is one of the highest efforts of genius; a feeble hand, that ventures to reform the genuine creation of an earlier age, either distorts or destroys it. The character of the story may have been a good reason why it should not have been taken for a modern play, but will not excuse any one for maiming and melo-dramatizing it. A common tale is common property, and all Europe has been brought up in the faith of the true "Griseldis."

Instead of Saluzzo, the scene is laid at King Arthur's court; and Percival of Wales, the cruel husband, a kind of Orson, is one of the paladins. After an absence of three years he suddenly appears at a royal festival: the ladies whose charms he formerly despised, and Queen Guenever, a haughty malicious woman, taunt him into a confession of his marriage with Griselda, the daughter of Cedric, a poor charcoal burner, near his castle in Wales; and their scoffs at length provoke him into the assertion, that if each had her deserts, Griselda would occupy the throne, and the Queen render homage to her. This is a mortal affront, and swords are drawn to avenge the Queen, when the King interposes. The offender has the choice of kneeling to beg the Queen's pardon, and own his boast a false one, or proving the virtue of his wife by the trials which Guenever prescribes. If she endure these, the Queen engages to kneel at her feet, and proclaim her the most perfect wife in Britain. The husband, too proud to yield, and too rugged to care much for the suffering of the woman, on whose constancy and affections he relies, chooses the latter alternative. The exposition of this contrivance, and the show of Arthur's court, take up nearly a third of the play.

The author deals with names and places as boldly as with the tale itself. Percival, attended by Tristram and Gawain, who are to be his accomplices in tormenting Griselda, hastens back to *Pendennis, in Wales*, situated on the banks of the Trent, whither Guenever and her train are to follow. King Arthur, who seems to disapprove of the proceeding, resolves, on the pretext of hunting in the adjacent forest of Stafford, to appear, and prevent the extremity of the trial. We now, for the first time, see Griselda, awaiting her husband's return with anxious forebodings, and lamenting the estrangement of her father; who is mortally offended with her, both because she has refrained from taking his part in a quarrel caused by Percival's haughtiness, and because she has refused to leave the bed of her husband, when dangerously wounded, to receive the last breath of her mother. In the midst of her sad reflections, Percival arrives, and she flies to embrace him:—

*Griseldis.* Percival!  
Again I hold thee! Wert so long away:  
Three endless days! nor thought the while of me,  
When courting beauties yonder:—was it so?  
Thou didst me not this wrong? But never more  
I'll have thee leave me. So! but kiss me, then.  
How has the glow of sunshine browned thy cheek?  
Oh, I am well, so well, upon thy bosom!  
My Percival, my lord, my shield, my husband!

*Percival.* Griseldis, pray thee see—  
*Gris.* And what thy absence  
Has missed—but think! Our Athelstan, brave boy,  
Across the hall, without the leading strings,  
Without once stumbling, strode the urchin on,  
Till ancient Allan nearly cried for joy!  
And, only think! my dovelings all are fledged.  
And I have had sorrow, too; been sad to death;  
Not for thy absence only—other things  
Have vexed and wounded me. But shew me, now,  
How thou hast thought of mother and of child,  
And what fine present thou hast brought us back  
From the King's palace? Nothing! so—forgotten?  
Fie! naughty husband!

*Perc.* Look around, Griseldis:  
These guests I bring thee home. Go, bid them welcome;  
Brave knights, companions of the Table Round,  
And honoured friends of mine. Dost hear, Griseldis?

*Gris.* I saw but him!—forgive me, worthy sir.

The passionate affection, and almost childish vivacity, which the author has thus attempted to pourtray, seem inappropriate to a character by which Griselda's sufferings are sustained. The trial begins abruptly. She is informed that the King, offended by the marriage, demands that the offspring of it shall be delivered into his hands. Let the reader judge which is more becoming to the miracle of patience, the following burst of passion, with which Griselda receives the proposal, or Chaucer's:—

Ever in one so patient was she,  
That she no chere made of heviness,  
But kiseth her childe, and after gan him blisse.



Save this she praised him, if that he might,  
Her little son he would in earth grave,  
His tender limbs, delicate to sight,  
Fro' fowles and fro' noysome beasts to save.

Here is the dramatist's version:—

*Gris.* Thou jestest, Percival; thou wouldst but cheat me,  
I know, for very mirth: thou canst not look  
With eyes unblinking, fixed on mine the while—  
Try if thou canst. Thy glance escapes me still,  
And thy lip quivers!—now it smiles! Go, go,  
And coin some better trick: this frights me not.

*Perc.* 'Tis thou that art deceived; my words are true.  
And these (pointing to knights) are bearers of the Monarch's will,  
And sent to act his absolute commands.

*Gris.* And you are they will rob me of my boy?  
Fie! go, and mask you first, that folk may fear you:  
Hobgoblin shakes the chain before he comes;  
The werewolf howls when snuffing infants' blood—  
Aye, my good sirs, ye play the kobold ill  
In knightly weed, and girt with golden spurs.

But when persuaded that her husband really demands the sacrifice, her first reply is a defiance:—

'Tis mine, as well as thine! I'll keep the child,  
If thou wilt yield it. 'Tis my very blood!  
I bore it at my heart; I gave it birth;  
I fed it at my breast; these eyes have watched,  
With silent joy, its happy growth of life;  
And on its little head my future lies!  
And must a stranger's humour tear it from me,  
And rob my babe of true love's guardianship?

(after a pause, more rapidly.)  
Your sovereign has no right to take my boy;  
He knows him not—is wroth that he was born;  
Hates him, perhaps, and if he claims him thus—  
Answer me, sirs—what would he with my babe?  
Both silent? Speak! What would he with my child?

*Tristram.* Fear not: the King is merciful and just.  
*Gawain.* The lord commands—the vassal must obey:  
His orders we have learned, but not his will.  
*Gris.* You shall not thus evade me! On your brows,  
And in your coward looks, I see it writ.  
The King would slay him.—Can he? yea, he will!  
And would ye ravish my sweet child for this?  
Part child and mother? Take my eyesight first.  
Try it, ye bloody slayers! venture on!  
And snatch him, if you can, from his sweet dreams,  
Ere you have stretched me lifeless at his side,  
Or shed his blood, ere mine has first been drained!  
Forsaken babe, thy father shields thee not!  
I dare it—I—a woman—but a mother!

After this earnest declaration, the spectator is hardly prepared for the sequel, when she is reminded that the choice lies between the child and her husband's life:—

*Gris.* Thou forfeit to the ban: and the King's wrath  
Aimed at thy life?

*Perc.* 'Tis even so, Griselda.  
*Gris.* (inexpressively) Then take the child away.  
*Perc.* Thou wilt resist.  
No more, but givest thine infant up?

*Gris.* I must.  
*Perc.* The victory's mine. Sir Gawain, take the child.  
*Gris.* (hastily follows him towards the room where the child is sleeping) Hold!—take him!—stay!—I cannot!—God of Heaven!

*Perc.* Griselda, come to me!

(She falls at his feet.)

This is the most dramatic scene throughout the play: however it may affect the reader, he will hardly, we think, discover in it any trace of the patience of Griselda, or admire the author's judgment in making the good Tristram and a gentle Knight of the Round Table abettors of Percival's brutality. The latter, it is true, now repents of his wager; but although he despises himself, as well he may, he cannot endure the shame of kneeling to Guenever; but rather proceeds to inflict the next blow on his innocent wife. Her repudiation, by order of the King, who intends him to marry Morgain Le Fay, Arthur's sister, is announced to the assembled vassals; and the poor Griselda is turned nameless, and all but naked, from her husband's door, nearly as in the old story, with this exception, that the incidents of years are in the drama presented in the compass of a single day. It appears that the author respects the unity of time (as vulgarly understood) more than the oneness of character or fable, and thus loses some of the most touching incidents of both. We have, in the parting scene, however, a closer adherence to the original tale, although it is sorely diluted, and a first glimpse of the patience of Griselda:—

*Gris.* My lord and master,  
When thou didst bring me from that hovel-house  
To thy proud castle, wedding night with want,  
And low degree with honour and with highness,  
And richly dowering with thy noble love

The collier's needy child, as bloomed my fortune  
Like sudden flowers that open in a night,  
E'en then my inmost heart spoke warningly.  
"My fortune lives no longer than the flower,  
And once full-blown, 'twill fade by eventide."  
Therefore, submissive to my Fate's decree,  
Not as a gift I kept thy proffered love,  
But as a loan, though Love paid interest for it,  
Too easily recalled, as once 'twas given.  
Now, warned by thee, the term of payment's come,  
I will not be remiss. So take again  
All that thy hand enriched me with: take back  
Nobility's proud trappings, title's sound,  
Power, place, magnificence, and all the glitter  
Thou lovedst to shed so lavishly upon me!  
Yet this alone, reluctant, with pressed heart,  
Do I restore thee too; my dearest treasure,  
The gift unparagoned of thy dear grace,  
This ring, the pledge and symbol of a love  
That joined us once, and in that juncture blest.  
It was my all,—so, take it back: and now,  
Helpless, and poor, and naked I depart,  
As when thou hadst me, helpless, poor, and naked.

*Perc.* All that thou brought'st me hither may'st thou take;

Nor more nor less. My Lord! you know yourself  
*Gris.* How from my father's shed you bore me forth;  
A paltry woollen gown and one poor smock  
I brought you. There will need no sumpter mule  
To take these mean possessions hence with me.

*Perc.* Take then thy woollen gown and smock, and go.

*Gris.* I shall, my lord! What other wealth I had,  
When for the castle I exchanged the hut—  
YOUTH'S cheerful mood, the flower of Innocence,  
That fearless spirit rich in hopeful trust—  
For these I gave thee, I have had sweet joys,  
And the dear after-bliss of memory.  
Yet for one thing thou art my debtor still,  
In that I leave thee all my true love here;  
And as my hand thy ring's impression keeps,  
So shall my soul retain thine image dear.

*Perc.* Each word she utters is a pointed dart,  
And those sad looks cut through me like a sword.

—Set forth, Griselda, for thy time is out.

She departs, after invoking a blessing on Percival's head, to seek refuge in her father's hovel. The old man aggravates her sufferings by his harsh reception; he has not forgotten the offence she gave him for her husband's sake. Meanwhile Guenever arrives, and is amazed to learn that Griselda has so far endured the proof. Percival, overcome by contrition, entreats that the trial may end; but still refuses to rescue his victim by humbling himself to Guenever, who demands one trial more. She will not yield unless Griselda consents to give up her own life for that of the man who has misused her. Percival, feigning to be pursued, flies to the cottage, and is concealed by Griselda; and when Guenever arrives with her knights, demanding his life, she offers her own in its stead, and will not even redeem that of her blind father, who is instantly seized, by betraying her husband. Guenever owns to her followers that she is vanquished. The last sacrifice here imagined by the dramatist exceeds any in the legend; and we think it is not happily invented, as it follows too closely the father's severity to his daughter.

The last act displays Griselda's triumph; as, expecting to be led to death with Cedric, she is received by Arthur in the midst of his court, and fondly embraced by her husband, while Guenever, kneeling, confesses her to be the pearl of wifehood. From this point we lose all sight of the true legend. The woman who has borne and forgiven all, while she thought it a real sacrifice to love, is wounded at the heart when she discovers the wilfulness of the trial. The triumph of her virtue, and her husband's passionate excuses, alike fail to reconcile her:—

*Gris.* My heart was thine; thou ne'er hast known it,—  
never!

And in thy hand it breaks! Thus could'st thou play  
With its pure ardour; boast and plume thyself  
With its true faith and free self-sacrifice?  
Thou never lovedst me—no! 'Tis vanished all,  
That glad illusion which was Being's bliss;  
My Paradise to fragments falls away,  
And a bare desert, joyless, stares upon me!  
I cannot journey with thee hand in hand,  
When heart has turned from heart: the charm's dissolved!

*Perc.* And wilt thou shun me? wilt abandon me?  
Mine art thou. Mine! Who dares to steal thee from me?  
I hold thee here; who are thou to tear thee hence?  
Who breaks the vow of truth which thou hast sworn me?  
*Gris.* Thyself! 'Tis thou hast torn this bond of love!

We must be parted, Percival,—we must!  
Grant me but leave to keep my boy awhile,  
Till the small remnant of my days is full,

For well I know my time is near the close;  
And as the swallow, parting, southward flies,  
So homeward struggles the life-wearied soul.  
Then shalt thou take him as my latest gift,  
Direct him on the path of knightly honour,  
And on his head my injuries expiate.  
But flourish thou, in fresh exulting life;  
A stately tree, be-crowned with honour's rays:  
And should the conquering power of favoured love  
Entwine around thy heart a second band,  
O let no dark suggestions e'er beguile thee  
To lay for her such trying snares again,  
For love bestows itself on love alone!

(She goes slowly out, followed by her father.)

This, we think, is not less inconsistent with the rest of the play than at variance with the original story. Halm's Griselda is no example of patience at all; the author's design has apparently been to represent her as a martyr to love, and in this he has been far from successful. No woman with such a quick sense of the worthlessness of love could have preserved to the last moment the delusion of Percival's attachment. It must have disappeared when he drove her with ignominy from his doors. She has endured too much, or not enough; and leaves us, at last, under contending feelings, that the author has vainly desired to reconcile. In place of his attempt to infuse a new motive into the tale, we hold by the simplicity and greater poetical truth of the ancient legend, and prefer its happier close. One feels that such impossible trials deserve an unimaginable reward; and that, if a broken heart was to be the only end of all this suffering, it is pity that it did not break earlier. So that we must say the play has given us a Griselda in which every peculiar feature of the original is lost, and in their place a something is left, too hard for easy belief, and yet deprived of the charm that made belief easy. Of the other characters it is unnecessary to say anything.

Herr Halm's style is ambitious, and yet rapid; nor has he, as may have been seen, much poetical wealth to compensate for the want of simplicity. The language seems a kind of parody of the Græcism which crept into Goethe's later style, and which is sorely misplaced in a romantic drama. On the whole, we expected to have found more merit in a work which has been successful in Germany, and is, we understand, admired by readers of German in this country; and we should lament the state of the Vienna stage, if such are its choicest novelties. But Herr Halm is a young writer, and, it is to be hoped, not the best of his day.

*A Memoir of Ireland, Native and Saxon.* By Daniel O'Connell, M.P. Dublin and London, Dolman.

A life of active political excitement, highly cultivated powers of passionate declamation, and habits of rapid composition, formed in the hurry of political strife, are so inconsistent with the patient research and tranquil reflection required in a historian, that we were somewhat startled when we saw this work announced for publication. Had the author retired from active life, and turned to literature as a new source of excitement, to cheer the hours of solitude, and supply the wants of a mind which can find rest only in variety of occupation, we should still have doubted the possibility of his acquiring the calmness necessary to exercise a deliberate judgment on disputed facts; but a work written while the author is still the head and front of extensive agitation, amid all the excitement of feverish discussion, could only have been, and in fact only is, a large political pamphlet. Mr. O'Connell has, in fact, done little more than publish the extracts from Irish history, which he had entered in his commonplace-book as materials for speeches, and added to them a few words of fervid comment, such as would have brought cheers from an audience, but are not likely to produce approbation or assent in the

closet. Charles Fox used to say, that whatever read well as an essay, could never have been effective as a speech; but the converse is still more true: the composition most likely to be effective as a popular harangue, has the least possible chance of success as an historical memoir.

The very title of the present work shows a want of caution and calmness unworthy of the writer: it is entitled 'A Memoir of Ireland, Native and Saxon;' but of "Native Ireland" it scarcely says anything; and of "Saxon Ireland," it of course says nothing, because such an Ireland never had existence. The first invaders of Ireland from this side of the channel were the Norman barons, who were not one whit less odious to the Saxon population of this country than they were to the native Irish. A popular blunder may safely be repeated to catch a popular cheer; but a book is not to be judged by the same laws as a speech; and it is therefore no venial literary sin to stamp on the title-page a vulgar error, and an appeal to popular prejudice.

So far as this volume has an object, it may be regarded as an argument for the repeal of the Union, derived from historical proofs of English misgovernment. The evidence, however, leads directly to an opposite conclusion, and irresistibly proves that most of the evils have arisen from the Union having been too long delayed, and finally left incomplete. Instead of being united to England, Ireland was garrisoned for England, first by a territorial aristocracy of race, and then by a territorial aristocracy of religion, precisely similar to that of the Turks in Greece. That aristocracy was responsible to no earthly power for the exercise or abuse of its authority: when menaced with inquiry by England, it threatened to throw itself on the Irish people; and the mere threat produced the revocation of Wood's patent, the cession of free trade, and the independence of the Irish parliament: a parliament, be it remembered, that represented not the Irish nation but the Irish ascendancy. On the other hand, that ascendancy could always command the aid of British money and British cannon, to stifle Irish complaints and crush Irish resistance. England lavished wealth and blood to insure the success of its garrisoning ascendancy at the close both of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries; while the Irish aristocracy reaped all the benefit of the consequent confiscations. Had Ireland been fully, fairly, and completely united to England, like Wales or Scotland, the misgovernment under which the country has suffered would, to a great extent, have been impossible. Nor would difference of religion have produced such an impediment as many suppose. During the whole of the last century, the penal code was scarcely felt as an inconvenience by the Catholics of England, whilst there was not a single link in the entire chain which was not felt as a practical inconvenience in Ireland.

A complete union would have given Ireland the full benefit of English law, which it never yet had. Now there is no Irish statute differing from an English statute on an analogous subject, in which the whole of the difference is not a clear gain to the irresponsibility of the ascendancy, and consequently to inevitable misgovernment. Mr. O'Connell indisputably proves that Ireland ought not to be treated as a province: it must therefore either be treated as an integral part of Britain, or as an independent nation. There is no other alternative; and every one who supports differential laws for Ireland, whether from pride, fanaticism, desire to monopolize power, or to monopolize pelf, is not less a repealer than Mr. O'Connell himself.

This is neither the time nor the place to argue

the question of the Repeal of the Union on political grounds: it comes before us purely as a literary question, namely, whether Mr. O'Connell has made out an historical case against the English connexion with Ireland. We hold that he does make out a very strong case against such a connexion as consists merely in the maintenance of an army of occupation—for the Protestant ascendancy was nothing else; but we also hold that he makes out a much stronger case for such an intimate connexion as would amount to a complete identification of the two countries.

Mr. O'Connell nowhere explains what he precisely means by a repeal of the Union, which is still to preserve a connexion between the two islands. Is Ireland to be again garrisoned by the old ascendancy, or is some new English interest to be devised for a new career of misgovernment? To talk of "the golden and unbroken link of the Crown," may be very well for a patriotic ode or a popular speech, but in a grave memoir, such as this before us professes to be, is sheer nonsense. The succession to the Crown itself is a parliamentary title. English and Irish parliaments may come to very different conclusions respecting that title; they did so before, and the difference led to a sanguinary and expensive civil war. The two parliaments might differ on a question of Regency; they did so before, and but for the recovery of George III., would have thrown the empire into confusion. They might, and at the present moment they undoubtedly would, differ in their recommendation of responsible ministers to the Crown, and thus exhibit to the world the spectacle of two hostile cabinets in a united empire; they very nearly did so before, and it was only a lavish system of bribery, which has no parallel in the history of corruption, that enabled the English cabinet to break down the Irish opposition. The history of these transactions is not unknown to Mr. O'Connell, and had he fairly taken them into consideration, he would have modified the conclusion which he has drawn from his premises.

It is so difficult to discuss any question of Irish history without being drawn into the forbidden ground of party politics, that we should scarcely have noticed this work, but for the importance which attaches to the name of the author. We feel at a loss, because no great question has ever yet been settled in Ireland; when any such has arisen, it was got rid of by some temporary expedient; the difficulty was adjourned, but not solved, and left to swell the accumulating mass of anomalies bequeathed to a perplexed and overburthened posterity. Laws in Ireland had but a provisional existence; their duration was contingent on some political millennium, predicted by fanatics, and credited by blockheads; until the arrival of which it was deemed useless to attempt the permanent settlement of anything. It was even boasted by legislators, that three-fourths of the statute book would be a dead letter when the conversion of the Irish from popery should be effected. We have had too much of this legislation for fanciful millenniums; and Mr. O'Connell is just adopting an error of the same kind, when he adjourns the consideration of the many great questions, still unsettled in Ireland, until his dream of Repeal is accomplished.

We cannot praise this work for either its literature or its logic, but we must do justice to the vigour of its style and the sincerity of its sentiments; it is an honest book; the writer feels and means what he says. The perusal of it has led us to wish for a work of a very different kind; we should gladly see Mr. O'Connell's Memoirs of his own Life and Times. His habits of life, his natural temperament, and his quick

sense of wrong, unfit him for the patient inquiry and calm judgment necessary to collect and organize historical evidence; but these very qualities would give force and vigour to the personal narrative of one who has acted, suffered, and triumphed as much in a single life, as a whole generation of ordinary politicians.

*Borgia: a Tragedy.* By T. Worley, Esq.—*John of Hapsburg: a Tragedy.* By R. Lewis, Esq.—*Oliver Cromwell: a Drama.* By W. Leatham, Esq.—*Waltheof: a Tragedy.* By F. Worsley, Esq.

THERE seems no other way of accounting for the extraordinary fertility of the present day in tragic dramas, than by the prevalence of national distress. As a good distress is indispensable to a tragedy, so a great distress, and particularly a public distress, may act as a general incentive to tragic genius, and set a thousand minds in search of the sources of horror and pity. Tragedies were never so abundant as just now: they are actually as plenty as blackberries in August, and it is twenty to one that any given gentleman in a black coat has "commanded tears to stream" in his time, whether the tears have, or have not, obeyed his mandate. The ancient satirist pronounced his whole nation a comedy; ours is rather a tragedy, with an occasional dash of farce in it, like the grave-digger's scene in Hamlet. Though we are nick-named merry England, Melpomene has twenty times more away over us than her sister Thalia, and from the Land's End to John-o'-Groat's nobody now laughs or caustic to laugh, save only Punch. The truth, we fear, is, that there is more sorrow than joy upon this side Styx. 'Il Penseroso' is some twenty lines longer than 'L'Allegro,' and who knows but that Milton would have abridged the ode to mirth still more, had he lived in these tragic days. With the tears of merchants, however, or of country gentlemen, we have nought to do: we are only concerned about the "tears of the Muses," and certainly Melpomene has but too good cause to weep for the decline and fall of her once "gorgeous" kingdom. The "pall" is indeed a garb only too appropriate to the modern state of tragedy, which nevertheless continues not unfaithfully to "present—Thebes"! We think we hear the Muse renewing the moan she made of old by the lips of Spenser—

"My part it is and my professed skill,  
The stage with tragic buskins to adorn,  
And fill the scene with plaints and outcries shrill  
Of wretched persons to misfortunes born;  
But none more tragic matter can I find  
Than this of men deprived of sense and mind."

Whether by the description "of men deprived of sense and mind," Melpomene means to indicate the tragic writers, we shall not determine; but the cap would fit a few of the number. Again, she bitterly complained:

"I, that in true tragedies am skilled,  
The flour of wit find nought to busy me!  
Therefore I mourn and pitifully none,  
Because that mourning matter I have none."

The dearth of "mourning matter" is a serious affair to the tragic muse. Burns tells us, that "man is made to mourn;" but here are half a dozen bards in buskins, who have not made us shed one tear. Tears are fortunately not so plentiful as tragedies, or we should be in no slight danger of a general deluge, and in the depressed state of the shipping interest, it might not be so easy to provide ourselves with an ark of safety. Our tragic poets are like the pagan priests, calling for rain in a general drought, but not a drop will fall for all their supplications, the clouds only answering the true prophet, as the heart only melts for a Sophocles or a Shakspeare. Perhaps the self-same cause that disposes so large a cohort of our numerous poetic legion to wear the buskin, would account for the prevalent disinclination to weep at their bidding. It may be the unusual demand



for tears in real life that makes the supply so deficient for theatrical purposes. We remember when there was brine enough to be had in Drury Lane or Covent Garden to float a seventy-four, and now we have a dozen of tragedies whose combined hydraulic power would hardly raise water enough to float a cock-boat. The "common cry" is no longer heard in the play-house; and if there be any *crying* grievances, they are not those of imaginary heroes and tragedy-queens, as they were wont to be. The public is somewhat in the condition of the Judge's crier, who could not cry on a certain day, because his wife died. We should be disposed to number our tragedies amongst our grievances, but they are certainly not crying ones to the public, whatever they may be to their publishers, who must sometimes be deeply affected, beyond a question. The publisher is the worst practical critic of dramatic performances. The finest of tragedies makes him rub his hands with glee, while a vile one, that sets the rest of the world laughing, is sure to turn his eyes into fountains.

The preceding remarks are not intended to be applied equally to all the productions now before us; nor do we mean to speak disrespectfully of any of the number, or to deny the majority of them credit as poems of dramatic form. A tragedy, however, must be something more than a dialogue in verse, or a series of conversations upon some mournful or exalted subject partitioned into acts and scenes. In all the late compositions under the name, we seek in vain for the intensity of action and passion, without which there is no tragic poetry. The necessity for this intensity is a main argument for the preservation of the dramatic unities. To few writers is it given to break that law with impunity, although there is nothing more common than to respect it without success. The author of 'Cromwell' pays so little reverence to unity of time, that he spreads out his subject over the whole interval, from 1643 to 1658,—why, we know not, except to avail himself of the deaths of Hampden and Charles, as well as that of his hero; or, as the writer himself expresses it, to include "the chief incidents which designate the age of Cromwell." The selection of one great incident, with minor occurrences grouped around it, would have been a discreeter choice. Upon Mr. Leatham's principle, we do not see why he might not give us the reign of Elizabeth in a tragedy, or dramatize that of George III., so as to have the benefit of Margaret Nicholson and Wilkes, Madame D'Arblay and Horne Tooke, Lords Chatham, Bute, and Thurlow, with the shade of Junius, or the Cock Lane ghost for the shilling galleries. A writer cannot have a more dangerous model than himself. 'Cromwell' is a sequel to the drama of 'Stratford' by the same hand, and the writer tells us that "following the little tragedy before mentioned, he has occasionally appropriated, wherever history has laid it down, the precise language of some of the most remarkable men who ever figured on the world's stage." How faithfully he has copied historical records will appear by one instance out of many, the address of Lambert offering the Protectorship:

Lambert, Sir! the late Parliament is now dissolved;  
The exigency of the times requires  
A strong and stable government—we pray  
Your Excellency, in the joint behalf  
Of the army and of the three nations,  
To accept the office of Protector,  
Or Chief Magistrate of the Commonwealth,  
Under a constitution newly made  
By the councils of Army and of State.

But is this principle a sound one? is tragical effect best produced by literal adherence to the recorded language of historical characters? Decidedly not. The great dramatists have not worked upon this principle. They never versified history and called it tragedy; not at the same time neglecting to avail themselves of re-

markable thoughts and expressions, ascribed by chroniclers to illustrious persons. Had Shakspeare followed such a course, he never would have made, as he did, an Antony, an Ulysses, a Timon, and a Wolsey of his own. His histories were tragedies, but his tragedies were not mere histories. It seems now to be forgotten, that a tragedy is, or ought to be, a poem; and being a poem, it utterly repudiates a mere reproduction of the scenes of life. The material must put on the ideal; facts, events, characters, language, sentiment, must undergo a spiritualizing and exalting process. The seeds of epic poetry are scattered through Tacitus and Livy; but what art could transform the Annals or the Decads into epic poems? Even where the sentiment and diction of the historian are the most sublime and gorgeous, the poet must adopt them sparingly. This is evident from the example of Milton, who might easily have conducted his entire dialogue in the magnificent language of the Scriptures, which lay in tempting profusion before him.

To pass to another point suggested by the batch of plays under review, it strikes us that one source of the general inefficiency of modern dramatic writers, is the indistinctness of purpose with which they write. They halt between two courses, whether to write for the stage or for the closet, and the force lost in such indecision renders their performances unmeet to stand either trial. This arises, we are aware, from the importance which the reading public has attained. There was a time when dramas were written only to be played, and then there arose a singleness of design which gave a writer the energy essential to success. There was nothing but action in his thoughts; he never sought poetic effects apart from the movement of his story; although he scattered flowers as he went with a most liberal hand. Now we have plays to be played, or not, as fortune may decree. If the manager and the public approve, the word drama appears fearlessly upon the title-page. If rejected as a drama by either jurisdiction, the work is announced as a dramatic poem. The truth, perhaps, often is, that it has failed in the first character, because the author has had the second in view, and has contemplated, throughout, taking sanctuary in the closet from the disasters of the play-house. The reason in general is, that if a play miscarries on the stage, it must therefore be sure of success as a "dramatic poem;" something like the logic of him who, having written a tragedy that was damned, concluded immediately that his forte was comedy. The author of 'John of Hapsburg' commits no such absurdity; he frankly tells us, that he wrote expressly for the theatre, and although the rejected of a manager, he tenders his play to the reader merely as "an acting one." To prove that his design was not to produce a dramatic poem, Mr. Lewis confesses, that "there will be found few merely poetical passages, nor any descriptions of scenery, or even of character and manners, that could be dispensed with." This sounds a little strange, and leads us to suspect, that the writer considers "poetical passages" essential to a dramatic poem, but rather blots upon a play intended to be played. We do not like the idea of a tragedy produced upon the least-possible-poetry principle; but whether the nakedness of 'John of Hapsburg' is the result of real penury, or an over-rigid economy of wealth, we shall offer no opinion. However, that there is better taste shown in abstaining from "poetical passages," than in overlaying a drama with them, without regard to the general effect, there can be no question; and in this respect we have also to commend the play of 'Borgia,' by Mr. Worley. Of this tragedy, the heroine is the

atrocious Lucretia Borgia, whose crimes had been previously dramatized by M. Victor Hugo. The design of the English writer is to draw that line between the horrible and the revolting, which, though hard to hit, is peremptorily required by the laws of tragedy, at least in this country; and he has certainly made his demon some shades less black than she was painted by Hugo. Allowing for the enfeebling effect of the conscious following in the wake of another dramatist, and one of so much power, the play before us displays considerable energy, and has the merit of a concentrated interest, although of a painful kind. There are occasionally some eloquent passages,—for example, a speech of Gubetta, the minister of Lucretia Borgia, where, alluding to his mistress, he thus exclaims:—

O woman, woman!  
How art thou charg'd with a brief life!  
That, like the sudden cannon, in one blaze  
Spends all it owns of strength! Couldst only hold  
The topmost of thy pace through life's whole course,  
Which of us might match with thee? But, the strength  
Sitting not with the speed, first flagging comes,  
Next weariness, and then the absolute pause;  
And so the sturdy mortal gasps the goal,  
While the hare slumbers at the distance-post.

But, on the other hand, scenes requiring the utmost earnestness and intensity of thought and language are spoiled by vague and commonplace declaration. What, for instance, can be more trite and shallow than the soliloquy of Lucretia Borgia over the body of the poisoned Maffio?—

In how deep  
A well of mystery dost thou lie, oh, Death!  
Of whom we cannot answer, if thou art  
Our end or our beginning! Being our end  
We are not worth to think of,—but mere flesh  
Differing from other flesh only in this,  
That we are doomed to a worse sepulchre:  
The flesh of beasts becomes the food of man,  
The flesh of man becomes the food of worms,  
And which the nobler is needs no deciding.  
Or art thou but a dark and earthy tunnel  
Leading to light beyond? Then to the light  
Of what life dost thou lead? Not life eternal,—  
For that which hath one end must needs have two;  
The infinite is not father'd of the finite.  
Can it be, things have souls that have not reason?  
But reason hath its lodging in the brain,  
For when the brain is injur'd so is reason,  
And man, that hath not reason, is more bestial  
Than the half-reasoning beast, that hath no soul  
Allow'd of our cold creed.

However, we are disposed to be particularly lenient towards Mr. Worley, on account of one stroke of originality, which places him, in our opinion, decidedly above his brother dramatists, namely, the circumstance that his tragedy is in but three acts!

*The Tuft Hunter.* By Lord William Lennox.  
3 vols. Colburn.

THIS is an amusing book—a very amusing book. We are not, we hope, given to extravagant laudation, but there are scenes in 'The Tuft Hunter' quite equal to Walter Scott; others again of wit, humour, and pathos which Hood himself has never surpassed. It is a work of infinite variety; and quite original—in its way. Every scene recalls and rivals some scene in another tale; and there are few novels, good, bad, or indifferent, published within the last twenty years, of which the writer does not occasionally remind us, and with which he does not challenge a comparison. In short, nothing great or small seems to have escaped his observation.

Our readers will, perhaps, expect some proof of this. Let them then compare Sir Charles Callendar's death (i. p. 20, *Tuft Hunter*) with the account of Edie Ochiltree listening to the news of Steenie Mucklebackit's fate (*Antiquary*)—or the description of Vavasour's apartment, beginning—

"The room had a comfortable though not a lively appearance. It was hung with tapestry, which the looms of Arras had produced in the sixteenth century. The bed was of a dark and faded green, wrought to correspond with the tapestry. The large showy stuff-bottomed chairs, with black ebony backs,



were embroidered after the same pattern," &c.—(*Tuft Hunter*, vol. i. p. 69).

—with Scott's account of the green room at Monkbarrow, beginning

"The apartment had a comfortable, though not a lively appearance. It was hung with tapestry, which the looms of Arras had produced in the sixteenth century. \* \* The bed was of a dark and faded green, wrought to correspond with the tapestry. \* \* The large and heavy stuff-bottomed chairs, with black ebony backs, were embroidered upon the same pattern," &c.—(*Antiquary*.)

But we could refer to a dozen like examples, in which the writer may be compared to Sir Walter. In proof, however, of the extent of his daring, other and less familiar examples may be more acceptable.

"What a contrast is a country breakfast to that wretched languid affair of heavy eyes and aching limbs, nauseated palates, and jaded spirits, a London breakfast during the season. When the cups that cheer but not inebriate are swallowed mechanically, the dainties even from the hands of a *cordon bleu*, are thrust away untasted. The statesman, worn out after the excitement of his speech, &c. &c. will each or all bear witness that a London breakfast in the season is a joyless repast."

*Tuft Hunter*, vol. ii. p. 7.

The scene at the opera (pp. 123, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, Vol. ii. of 'The Tuft Hunter') may, also, be compared with a like scene in the novel which has yielded the above parallel. But Lord William dares comparison with Thomas Hood and 'Tydney Hall,' as the following fragment will sufficiently indicate:—

"The coroner's inquest being justly considered as one of the most important and valuable institutions of our country, its functions in the provinces are commonly delegated to the most obtuse and ignorant members of the community! The rich and the intelligent have always influence enough to evade its duties; so that the 'crown's quest law' generally devolves upon some dozen dunder-headed boobies, who serve habitually as jurymen for the parish in which they may happen to reside. They follow implicitly their leader, the foreman; who as implicitly follows his leader, the coroner; the latter personage being usually a perfect Dogberry, furnished with a few technical terms and legal distinctions, which enable him to decide between Accidental Death, Found Drowned, Wilful Murder, Justifiable Homicide, and Felo de se. Whether Mr. Quillet, the official functionary of Ravensbrook, belonged to this class, will be seen by the proceedings."

*The Tuft Hunter*, vol. ii. p. 238.

"A London breakfast in the season is a wretched, languid thing—an affair of heavy eyes and aching limbs, nauseated palates, and jaded spirits. The cups 'that cheer but not inebriate,' are swallowed mechanically—the dainties from even a Ude's master hand are thrust away untasted. \* \* The statesman, worn out after the excitement of his speech, &c. &c. will each and all bear witness that a London breakfast in the season is a wretched languid thing."

*The Lion*, vol. ii. p. 57.

"The coroner's inquest, involving an inquiry into the cause of any sudden termination of life, is justly considered as one of our most important and valuable institutions, and accordingly its functions are commonly delegated to the most obtuse and ignorant members of our community. The rich and the intelligent have influence or tact enough to elude its duties, so that the inquisition generally devolves on some dozen of logger-headed individuals who serve habitually as jurymen for the parish in which they may happen to reside. They follow, as implicitly as a flock of sheep, the lead of their foreman, whose opinion goes in the wake of the coroner's, like a boat in tow of a ship. The latter personage himself is sometimes little better than a Dogberry, furnished with a few technical terms and legal distinctions which enable him to direct the random records of Visitations of God, Found Drowned, Wilful Murder, and Felo de se. Whether the official functionary of — belonged to this class will be seen by the evidence," &c.

*Tydney Hall*, vol. iii. p. 83.

This is but the beginning of a scene. Enough, however, has been quoted to justify what we have said, that Lord William Lennox is a bold man, who does not fear comparison, no, not with Sir Walter himself, nor with Thomas Hood, nor, we imagine, with Sir E. Bulwer, nor Mr. James, nor Mrs. Hall, nor Lady Blessington, nor Horace Smith; and that 'The Tuft Hunter' is an extraordinary work—a very extraordinary work—and quite original—in its way.

*A Dictionary of Derivations; or, an Introduction to Etymology.* By Robert Sullivan, Esq., A.M. Holdsworth.

THIS little work is professedly compiled for the use of young persons, and the design is to trace many of our English vocabularies to a classical, and especially a Latin original: thereby proving "not only the utility, but the necessity of an acquaintance with Latin to every one who wishes to acquire a correct and critical knowledge of English." The *Dictionary* consists chiefly of those words which have been indirectly derived from the Latin through the medium either of the French or of other languages, and whose etymologies are not at first sight apparent; such as *frat* from *frater*, through the French *frère*. A second part is called *Easier Etymologies*, and consists of those English and French words, whose Latin synonyms are spelt in nearly the same way. This is followed by exercises for dictation.

We should be glad to find etymology made a part of elementary instruction in our schools; for there is nothing repulsive in the study, and it would be of more service in forming a philologist than years of painful toil through cumbrous grammars and lexicons. It may be considered as a modern science, for the learning of our scholars, till very lately, being almost exclusively confined to the dead languages, all their derivations were given from some very fanciful similarities between the Latin or Greek and its corresponding English word. Who does not now smile at old Schrevelius' derivations, such as a *cloud* from *ἄλγος*; *heart*, from *καρδία*. And yet Johnson's etymologies are in many instances scarcely less absurd. Mr. Sullivan's remark on the subject that in his dictionary "the etymological information scarcely ever amounts to more than a French or Latin word *par parenthèse*," does not go sufficiently far; his derivations are not only imperfect, but often erroneous. His ignorance of any Teutonic language often led him to assign a French or Latin origin to a genuine Anglo-Saxon word.

We think a like objection holds against this *Dictionary of Derivations*, wherein many words of pure Saxon origin are deduced from the Latin or Greek, and erroneously. Such as *burgh* from the Greek *πύργος*; *earth* from *ἔρα*; *folk*, from the Latin *vulgus*; *wool* from the Latin *vellus*; *work*, from *ἔργον*; *young* from the Latin *juvenis*; and others, in some of which the resemblance to their classical synonyms is but accidental; and even where the words are undoubtedly consanguineous, as *wool* and *vellus*, yet when we know that the German has *wolle* for the same idea, we shall hardly hesitate to pronounce the German, and not the Latin, to have been the type of the English. That many Latin, Greek, German, and even Sanscrit words have had the same origin is now universally admitted; but that does not prove one to be the parent of another; nor is there in many instances more reason to assign the Greek or Latin than the Sanscrit for the origin of some of the above-quoted words; but when we find these words exist in the German and old Saxon dialects, and know that the Anglo-Saxon was the root of the English language, and that it reached its present stage of existence by borrowing French and Latin words to increase its own stock, surely we shall not hesitate to give the precedence to a German extraction; and we should pause before we gave assent to Mr. Sullivan's remark, that "we are indebted to the language of the Romans for far the greater portion of our vocabulary."

The Anglo-Saxon tongue, though scarcely to be considered in the light of old English, is yet the stock upon which all changes and improvements have been engrafted, in order to produce the language which we now speak. This branch of the Teutonic family was perhaps the earliest spoken European

language that was employed in the services of literature. Alfred exerted all his energies, and used all his influence to make the study of his native tongue universal throughout his own dominions, and so far as it lay in one man's power, he succeeded; but his successors, mostly under the yoke of a foreign hierarchy, and sunk deep into sloth or superstition, neglected to nourish the tree which he had planted, and which had already, under the care of his fostering hand, produced good fruit.

During the age preceding the Norman settlement, the Saxon had degenerated into a barbarous jargon, unfit for the higher purposes of literature; in fact, we possess but few writings in the language of this period except some rude chronicles composed in (what was then called) *rime*; a peculiarity of verse, it must be observed, very different from the modern *rhyme*, for it did not employ like sounding syllables at the end of certain lines; indeed, it is somewhat difficult to discover in what these *rimes* were distinguished from prose, as they do not appear to have been measured off into a definite number of syllables; perhaps, after all, the only difference is a greater pomp and dignity of style, producing what in the present day would be called poetical prose. There was, however, one distinguishing characteristic which marked the Saxon poetry, which is almost, if not entirely, unknown to modern metre; and this was *alliteration*, or the repetition of the same letter at the beginning of two or more words in the same line, which letter serves as the initial in the marking word of the next line. This peculiarity, which, indeed, would seem to be fully as defensible as that of rhyming endings, is by no means unpleasant when skilfully executed, and even a modern ear soon becomes accustomed to it. The best, or rather the only complete, work in English written with *alliteration*, is Piers Plowman's Vision, of the time of Edward the Third. The following lines will be sufficient to give some idea of this ancient embellishment of verse.

Peter, quod the priest, tho' I can no pardon fynde,  
But do wel, and have wel, and God shall have thy soule;  
But do yll, and have yll, hope thou none other,  
But after thy death's day the devil shall have thy soule.

These lines, which are not ornamented by rhyme, and which do not possess any discoverable metre, produce a species of rhythm sufficient to distinguish them from prose.

The laws of alliteration were often exceedingly complex; and it is very possible, that to some such law, of whose nature we are at present ignorant, many of the Anglo-Saxon *rimes* owe their prosodial character. Alliterative verse was common to most of the Celtic and Gothic nations, and was, moreover, peculiar to their literature. Rhyme would appear to have been the invention of the Norman minstrels, and was unknown in England before the Conquest. The earliest instance we have of it is in a few lines of the Saxon chronicle commemorative of the death of William the Conqueror.

Such was the condition of the Anglo-Saxon language and literature in England during the eleventh century; and the subsequent introduction of the Norman French among the higher classes at first, and afterwards among the whole people, is very distinctly marked. The connexion between the two nations was first formed in the time of Ethelred, whose second wife was a Norman princess, and who, when expelled from his kingdom by the Danes, took refuge at the court of her brother, Duke Richard. During the troubled state of England that followed the reign of this imbecile monarch, his children were brought up in the family of their Norman uncle; and when Edward the Confessor (one of them), at length regained his father's throne, all his feelings and sympathies were with that people among whom his education and habits had been formed: his confidants and dependents were all Norman: himself was considered by his subjects in the light of a foreigner, and chief of the Norman party, which had now arisen and become so numerous and powerful, as for a time completely to crush the opposing or the Saxon faction (at the head of which stood the great Earl Godwin), and even to drive its chiefs into exile.

At this period the manners and language at Edward's court were altogether French, and the court itself was as Norman in its tone and fashion, as subsequently during the thralldom of the two Williams. On the death of Edward, his party lost so much

ground, that Harold, the son of Earl Godwin, had sufficient influence with the Wittenagemote, or great Council, to be called by them to the throne, to the exclusion of the late king's family. But the Saxon party could not retain its ascendancy, and was for ever dissolved by the victory of Hastings, when Duke William, who was now the acknowledged head of the Normans, both in France and England, added the crown of the Saxon kings to his continental possessions. In fact, the accession of William should rather be viewed as the complete and final triumph of one political faction over another, than as the invasion and subjugation of the whole nation by a foreign power.

But greatly as Edward was disliked by his Saxon subjects, he possessed many advantages which William had not: though a foreigner by education and feelings, he was an Englishman by birth and family, and his title was never disputed: his throne was his inheritance, and his dominions his birthright. William, on the contrary, notwithstanding his victory and coronation, was yet only a Norman Chieftain, and as such, taking advantage of the vast powers naturally invested in a military leader, who has cut his way with his sword, he treated England as a conquered province, and rode roughshod over the people. Regarding Saxons of all ranks as foes to his person and traitors to his government, he took care to fill all offices of trust and honour with his own countrymen. The great vassals of the crown, and the ecclesiastical dignitaries were all Frenchmen; and the two parties in England now assumed the form of a Norman nobility and a Saxon commonalty. The Normans lived in their strongholds, secluded from the *serfs* and *villains* around them; while the Saxons shrunk from any intercourse with their lords, and hated them as foreign tyrants and conquerors.

While thus separated from each other, no mixture of language could take place. But this state of things could not last long; the foreigners would in a few generations become naturalized, and as soon as they looked upon England as their native country, would treat their inferiors with somewhat less hauteur; while these, considering their lords as fellow-countrymen, would throw aside their fear and hatred; and as intercourse became more and more frequent, the want of a common language began to be felt.

It has been asserted, that the English language was "the work of the foreigners, who, endeavouring to speak the Saxon, naturally mixed it with the vocabularies and metamorphosed it by the imposition of the grammatical forms of their own language. In other words, it must have been the Normans that broke down the Saxon into English."

The chief argument brought in support of this opinion, arises from the circumstance of the English language having dropped the Teutonic mode of inflections in its grammatical forms, and having assumed the French peculiarity of particles and auxiliaries; which circumstance, it is argued, would not exist in the mouth of a Saxon. Now, although it is certain that the English has retained very few inflections, yet the unmixed Saxon of the eleventh and twelfth centuries, before the English language had any existence, had itself adopted, to a great extent, particles and auxiliaries in the place of inflections, and, indeed, they were common to most European dialects of that age, and by no means peculiar to the Norman French.

But, on the other hand, without laying any great stress on the *à priori* argument, how much more probable it is that the Saxons should try to imitate their superiors, than the Normans those whom they looked upon as rude churls! Let us attend to the internal evidence (the strongest of all) afforded by the structure of the language itself, and we find that ideas of every-day life, which men are in constant use of, are expressed, even to the present day, by genuine Saxon words, whereas words of French extraction are almost entirely used to express what may be called extraordinary ideas, either abstract, and not of frequent occurrence, and of whose form, consequently, men are not so tenacious, or such as may be supposed to have been peculiar to the Norman or upper classes; as, for instance, terms of war and of the law. And although, in numberless cases, words, though of French origin, appear in a Saxon shape, it will not be easy to discover any example of the converse. Indeed, this was the fate of nearly all Norman words introduced into the English during the earliest

stages of its existence. The writers of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries afford abundant evidence of words originally quite French, taking in a short time a Saxon form and termination: thus the word *batayl* glided into *battle*; *partye* became *part*; *verament* changed to *verily*. Such mutations are rarely made but from a foreign into the native form of speech, and would certainly lead us to believe that they were made by a Saxon tongue. If the early English represent the imperfect attempts of a Norman to speak English, yet, at least, the children of these, being taught the same language, would not preserve the defects of their fathers, but would speak as good Saxon as the rest of the people; in the same manner as the child of a modern Frenchman, born and brought up in England, speaks the language of the country as well as an Englishman.

It appears also from history, that the English language was formed, and mere unmixed Saxon entirely disused, before the upper classes ceased to speak French; and they do not appear to have corrupted it in any way, but to have left it off at once. The English writers before Chaucer, (except those whose works were professedly for the illiterate) composed in French, not at all different from that of their continental neighbours, while English (as distinguished from mere Saxon) had been commonly spoken and understood for a century before his time.

The English language arose, progressed, and was formed during the thirteenth century; for if we compare what Layamon of Ernleye wrote towards the end of the reign of Henry the Second (who died 1189) with what Robert of Gloucester produced in the time of Edward the First (who died 1307), we shall find, that while the former wrote in unmixed though very barbarous Saxon, the chronicle of the latter is composed in the same language as the Canterbury Tales, and is very nearly as intelligible to a modern reader. It is fortunate that we are able accurately to compare these monks together, for they both translated from the French of Wace a fabulous history, entitled *Le Brut d'Angleterre*. The difference may be seen in the few following lines, from the translations, or rather paraphrases, of the two Englishmen, preceded by the original of Wace.

Wace:—  
Quand li service fut fini  
Et, l'ite Missa Est chanté;  
Li Roi a sa coronne ostée,  
Qu'il avoit au mostier portée;  
Une coronne menori prist,  
Et la reine ensement prist.

Layamon:—  
Tha the masse was ysungen,  
Of chirchen her thurgen;  
The kyng myd hys folke,  
To hys mete verde;  
And mucle hys dugthe.  
Drem was on hirede.  
The queene, an other halve,  
Hire herberwe ysotte,  
Hoo hafle of wyfnone  
Wonder an moni anne.

That is, in English,—

When the mass was sung,  
Out of church they thronged;  
The king with his people,  
To his meat went;  
And much of his nobility.  
Joy was in the household.  
The queen, on the other hand,  
Her harbour sought,  
She had of women  
A wonderful many.

Robert of Gloucester:—  
The king was to his palace, thoſe the service was ydo  
Ylad to his menyse, and the queene to hers also.

It was, then, at some period between Layamon of Ernleye and Robert of Gloucester, that is, during the thirteenth century, that the English language was formed; and this circumstance may be satisfactorily accounted for by the great national events of that age.

It must be borne in mind, that previously to the reign of John, the king of England possessed vast territories on the continent; in fact, the dominions of Henry the Second in France more than doubled those at home. In consequence, the greater part of his nobility were Frenchmen, not only by extraction, but also by birth and education, and would of course give the fashion and tone to those of their own class in England, who were of the same race as themselves. But when John lost his foreign provinces, he lost his foreign barons at the same time; and the next age

saw the nobility, now excluded from the society and influence of their transmarine cousins, begin to mingle more freely and cordially with their countrymen. In this reign did the barons, almost for the first time since the death of Harold, think and act like Englishmen. They stood forth to oppose their tyrannical and headstrong sovereign, in the name, not only of their own order, but of Englishmen. And when, by their perseverance, the great Charter was wrested from John at Runnymede, in 1215, every denomination of subject, from the noble to the serf, was included in that declaration of rights.

The parliament of 1265, in the succeeding reign of Henry the Third, was the first wherein any other than the great crown vassals sat. Indeed, it was the first which can properly be called a parliament, in the modern acceptation of that term, by which is understood a representative assembly; for hitherto the great council had been composed only of those who immediately held their tenures from the sovereign, and who were called upon to furnish aid to their *suzerain* when required by him; just as the barons themselves held their courts of their own vassals. Whatever may be thought of these great events, they are at least sufficient to show that a stronger sympathy now existed between the Norman and Saxon people; and to them we must, in a great measure, attribute the union of the two races, and of their languages; for the distinction between Saxon and Norman was fast vanishing, and English taking the place of both.

The people had now dropped their Saxon, and used English; the higher classes also understood this language, but continued for some time to speak French among themselves; and Chaucer furnishes us with evidence that it continued to be spoken even so late as his time, by the refined or affected in London, in his *Canterbury Tales*, where he draws a sarcastic line of distinction between the French of Paris and of Stratford le Bow. Edward the Third, in 1360, gave the last and the effective blow to the French language in this country; by abolishing in an express statute (36 Edw. 3) the use of it in the courts of law: the reason assigned is, that the French tongue was "much unknown in the realm;" and the object he had in view was to become popular with the burgher representatives, from whom he was obliged to draw large supplies to further his designs against France, and at the same time he wished to eradicate any remnants of French that might still exist among his chief subjects, and thereby to estrange them from any sympathy with his foes.

Afterwards, when English became the language of the whole country, it would be natural to expect that the upper classes would retain more French in their discourse than the people, who rather inclined to the Saxon; and this is accordingly found to be the case. Chaucer, who wrote for the aristocracy, or for all, uses twice as many French words (or words of French origin) as Langland does in his *Piers Plowman's* Vision, a work professedly for the people, and composed about the same time as the *Canterbury Tales*.

The productions of the English writers before Chaucer, were of a very barbarous nature; the greater part were chronicles, translated from the French or Latin, and intended for those uneducated persons who were unacquainted with these languages. The possibility of an elegant or well-finished work appearing in English was never imagined by any one before Chaucer. This great poet began his literary career by translating, not from the French, as his predecessors had done, but from a much purer source, the Italian, then the only European language which could boast of great writers. He proposed to himself Boccaccio as his model. One of his earliest works, 'The Book of Troilus and Creseide,' was an imitation of Boccaccio's *Filistrato*. Of his other writings, many were translations from the Italian. 'Queen Annelida' is after the Latin of Statius. 'The Romaunt of the Rose,' the most pleasing of all his works next to the *Canterbury Tales*, is a translation from a French poem of the same name.

Perhaps his only original work is that by which he is best known, the much admired *Canterbury Tales*; and even here, many of the tales are copied from other authors, and the plot itself is of a similar nature to Boccaccio's *Decamerone*. But the humorous tales, which are chiefly original, are unmatched in

• Monastère. † Mineure. ‡ En même temps.  
§ When. † Done. ‡ Menage.



their kind, and vastly superior to any thing in the Decamerone.

Chaucer fixed the English language. Since his time it has undergone but few changes, and those of an unimportant nature. They who will make allowances for his antiquated orthography, and quaint expressions, will meet with but few words which they do not understand; and when they have taken the pains to master these trifling difficulties, they are surprised that their own language is the same as Chaucer's "English undefiled."

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WORDS.

Words, household words, that linger on,  
When household love is past,  
And keep our childhood's tender tone  
About us to the last;  
Like pleasant streams that murmur yet,  
Of valleys far and green,  
And make the pilgrim's heart forget  
The deserts spread between:  
For sin and sorrow have no part  
In that bright Ennoe of the heart.  
Words, words of hope—oh, long believed  
As oracles of old!  
When stars of promise have deceived,  
And beacon-fires grown cold;  
Though still upon Time's stormy steeps  
Such sounds are faint and few,  
Yet oft from cold and stranger lips  
Hath fallen that blessed dew,  
That like the rock-bet rain remain'd,  
When many a fairer fount was drain'd.  
Words, words of love,—the ocean pearl  
May slumber far and deep,  
Though tempests wake or breezes curl  
The wave that hides its sleep;  
So deep in Memory's hidden cells,  
The winds of Life pass o'er  
Those treasured words whose music swells  
Perchance for us no more:  
But, Memnon-like, its echoes fill  
The early ruined temples still.  
Words, mighty words, we see your power  
Where'er the sun looks down  
On forest tree or fortress tower,  
Or desert bare and brown;  
The power that by old Tiber's wave,  
Could rouse the Roman ire,  
And wake to war the Indian Brave,  
Beside his council fire,  
Or call the flower of Gothic shields  
To find their rest in Syrian fields.  
And yet that power is with us still,  
To wake the waves of strife,  
Or breathe in tones of love that thrill  
The sweetest chords of life:  
But if from mortal lips are poured  
Such spells of wondrous might,  
What glorious wisdom filled his word  
Who spake—AND THERE WAS LIGHT!  
Well may that mighty Word restore  
The morning of the world once more.

FRANCES BROWN.

Stranorlar, Feb. 9, 1843.

ROYAL ACADEMY.

Professor Howard's Lectures on Painting.

THE Lectures on Painting, annually delivered from this chair, have now been continued so long, and have brought together such a mass of sound doctrine and lucid criticism, that it would seem scarcely possible to add anything very novel or important to what you already possess in the writings of those eminent men who have preceded me. The regulations of the Royal Academy, however, still require from the Professor "Six lectures, calculated to instruct the students in the principles of composition, to form their taste in design and colouring; to strengthen their judgment; to point out to them the beauties and imperfections of celebrated works of art, and particular excellencies of great masters; and, finally, to lead them into the readiest and most efficacious paths of study." In the discharge of this duty, it will, of course, be necessary for him to reiterate much that has frequently been inculcated before; elementary principles which have been correctly deduced cannot be changed; but happily, the aspects under which Nature presents herself to the eye and sympathies of the painter are so infinitely various, and leave such different impressions on different minds, that if we are unable to discover any entirely new views, or open an entirely new path, we may still find ample materials for investigation, and abundant topics for useful remarks.

In the fulfilment of my office, it will be my endeavour once more to bring before you the most approved principles of the art, and to explain (in its several technical divisions) the precepts and practice of those great masters, from whose standard productions our stock of theory is derived; as well as to offer to your attention the opinions I have been led to form in my professional career, with such observations and suggestions as may appear likely to assist you in your progress.

Before entering on the didactic part of my task, I propose briefly to consider what are the particular properties of Painting, to state my conception of its capabilities and demands, and of its true rank and position in the circle of the Fine Arts.

All the Arts spring from an inherent desire in man to enlarge the sphere of his enjoyments, and improve his well-being. As soon as he has learned, by the help of the mechanical arts, to secure for himself the necessities of life, and has advanced a few steps in civilization, he begins to turn his attention to the arts of elegance and refinement—to what are called the *liberal and imaginative arts*;—and calculated as these are to withdraw him from the grossness of mere sensuality, to unfold and exercise some of his noblest faculties, and provide him with a train of pleasures suited to his own mixed nature, (from which he may reap not only amusement but great moral advantage), they may well be regarded as benefits worthy of the Supreme Giver of all good gifts. For many of them, under due regulation, are capable in an important degree of purifying the affections and spiritualizing the mind; their sublimer aspirations are strongly expressive of a yearning after a more perfect state of things; and while they supply us with a delightful solace here, may perhaps afford a glimmering indication of the higher destiny that awaits us hereafter, and even help to qualify us for its enjoyment. These arts, though each is distinguished by some peculiar characteristic, possess many qualities in common, and a strong mutual resemblance, which marks them to be sisters of one lovely family, who reciprocally assist, adorn, and support each other. Thus Eloquence derives her rhythm from Music, her imagery from Poetry; the latter obtains her measures and harmony from Music, her graphic descriptions from Painting; Dancing combines Poetry with motion and gesture, regulated by Music; Sculpture lends her aid to Architecture; and the Drama, an eclectic art, borrows from all. Their general object is that of presenting to us enjoyments and gratifications adapted to our innate appetencies, which are suggested by Nature, but must be sought for, selected, and carried on upon deduced maxims of Art. To this an agreeable stimulus of the organs by which our perceptions are conveyed to the mind is made to contribute in no inconsiderable degree; hence Addison describes the pleasures of the imagination as holding a middle station between those of mere sense, and the more abstract pursuits of intellect.

Painting, as I shall have occasion to show, bears a striking analogy both to Poetry and Music, and seems, indeed, to blend and unite their respective qualities in a medium of her own; rivalling the former in her inventive faculties and intellectual power, and the latter in harmonic arrangement and fascinating influence on the sense. But Painting is more especially and essentially an imitative art: imitation is its peculiar and distinguishing element, the property by which it first catches our fancy and challenges our attention; and in this respect is at once more extensive in its range, and more ingenious in its mode of operation than any other of the same class; for with apparently very inadequate means (light and dark tints), the painter is able to copy the appearances of things so perfectly as to produce illusion, and in certain cases even to deceive the eye. The great and general admiration excited by this capability has misled some to suppose that deception is not only the prerogative, but the real end and aim of Painting. As this error (though of little practical moment) lies at the root of our whole theory, and as those who are entering upon the study of an art should be aware of its true philosophical basis, some examination of this opinion may not be useless.

That uncultivated minds should not be able to discriminate between the means and the end, affords no grounds for surprise; but it is somewhat remarkable that literary men of modern times should have unreflectingly fallen into this mistake respecting an art so much discussed by admired writers of different ages. It is this quality, however, which they have generally considered to be the painter's chief, if not exclusive, title to praise. Thus Cardinal Bembo, in his famous epitaph on Raffaele, and Pope, in his application of it to Kneller, evidently speak as if they conceived deceptive imitation to be the great merit of those painters, and, of course, (we may infer) of the art itself. The extravagance of the hyperbole establishes this conclusion. The same notion seems to have been entertained by Rousseau, when he said, with his usual eccentricity, "Painters can give the appearance of a body in relief to a flat surface; I should like to see them give the appearance of a flat surface to a body in relief,"—in which he probably thought that he had suggested, if not an insuperable difficulty, at least the true test of a painter's skill; and Du Piles, who had made our art his study, and collected much that is valuable respecting it, distinctly states that "the end of painting is to deceive the eye." It is difficult, notwithstanding, to believe that he could mean this assertion to be understood literally, for he must have been aware that there is no attempt at deception in the works of those great painters whom he so justly extols and places at the head of the art. At any rate, a moment's reflection will convince us that it should not be so understood; for surely the rational aim of all works of skill is to be recognized as such,—as the productions of art, and not to be mistaken for those of nature. A perception of the artist's skill is always one cause of the delight he affords us:

Some the workman praise, and some the work.

We have a pleasure in the exercise of criticism, and like to have something to discover and explain. We refer, in our mind's eye, the imitation to the original type, and if satisfied with the resemblance, our admiration is reflected on the artist. The copy may please us the more from being in a high degree illusive, because we are still more impressed with his ability; but if the imitation be so close as to deceive, and we believe the objects to be real, it follows that for us neither the art nor the artist has any existence: the latter has annihilated both by misapplied ingenuity. The little triumph of surprising the spectator into such a delusion, is but a pitiful ambition, and the trick, when proclaimed, is applauded only with a sneer. The grapes of Zeuxis, and the curtain of Parrhasius, were never considered as other than sportive feats of those artists; and (though conclusive evidence of their imitative power) were neither received as the test of their excellence as painters, nor classed with their legitimate pictures. It is obvious, besides, that many things which please as works of art, would, if mistaken for realities, be passed unnoticed, or turned from with distaste, and could have no chance of interesting but in being immediately recognized as imitations. Some of my hearers may be disposed to think that I am rather



contending with shadows, and that there is no fear of mistaking for real the objects represented in a picture, surrounded by a frame, and hung up against a wall, any more than there is of being deceived by dramatic representations, when, in a brilliant saloon, we find crowds of spectators clapping their hands at the distresses of Belvidera or the ravings of Lear. It is obvious that under such circumstances there can be little chance of being deceived; but both cases prove that neither of these most highly imitative arts, though it seek to produce a considerable degree of illusion, ever aims at absolute deception. As it is my duty to point out clearly to the student an erroneous principle which has been sometimes contended for, I shall add a few remarks in further illustration of its incorrectness.

However natural it may be, at the first glance, to suppose that imitations when attempted cannot be too completely effected, and, therefore, that deception must be the cause of mimetic art, this is so far from being the fact, that it is curious to observe what a very slight degree of imitation is sufficient to satisfy us, and how readily the mind, fond as it is of truth, acquiesces in the total absence of many essential qualities of the subject represented. Thus, a mere outline will often excite the imagination of the intelligent, and stir the feelings more effectually, than many an elaborate picture, as we see in the beautiful and pathetic compositions of our revered Flaxman. We are all aware, too, how often a spirited and expressive sketch is preferred to a finished work: the mind being less disturbed by a consideration of the details, is more immediately drawn to the main intention and sentiment of the design; we are pleased, also, with the taste, dexterity, and skill which it shows in the artist, and the imagination overlooks or supplies the rest. Even colour, although so eminently attractive, may be omitted altogether, as we find in many admired drawings and paintings in chiaroscuro. In the best productions of sculpture and engraving, colour is now systematically excluded, as unsuited to the other qualities and more limited aim of those arts. I may mention, also, as a remarkable instance how far this abstraction may be carried, that in many of the masterpieces of sculpture (the Apollo, the Laocoon, the Venus,) one of the most striking features in the human countenance—the eyeball—is not even indicated. All these are evidently more or less deficient or abstract representations of nature, and (with many others which might be adduced) prove that the pleasure we derive from the productions of art does not depend on their absolute truth, or even closeness of imitation, and that those natural properties which we are content to give up, are more than compensated to our minds and sympathies by some poetical or technical charms, some secret qualities, which are often more easily to be felt than explained. The observation of Johnson, then, is fully justified, that “imitations please not because they are mistaken for realities, but because they bring realities to mind.”

A certain modified imitation of natural appearances, is only the medium by which our art presents her conceptions to us; her natural language, but not her ultimate aim. The noble works upon these walls show that Painting possesses an original inventive power, and, like Poetry, addresses herself to the mind and to the heart. It is this close affinity with Poetry which raises Painting to the high rank she is entitled to hold among the intellectual arts. They are both avowedly arts of fiction, capable of giving charms to many objects in themselves of little interest, and of lending attractions to Nature herself. The true end of both is to please, by presenting us with images of whatever is calculated to excite our sympathies—agreeably to hold the mirror up to Nature, and reflect vividly to our fancy whatever is beautiful or emphatic, dignified or pathetic, in all that surrounds us; whatever is calculated to delight, refine, and exalt us, “to rouse the genius and to mend the heart.” This imaginative and inventive spirit (the spirit of poetry) is indeed the divine spark which animates all the liberal arts; the common principle and bond of union, long since remarked in them, which is modified and characterized in each by the different medium in which it operates and the materials it employs. Poetry has, on the whole, a wider scope and more ample dominion than Painting, being not only able to bring before our minds all the visible

objects of Nature, but to impart to the intellect a more extensive range of ideas, and a more distinct knowledge of facts; to exhibit in detail the more subtle workings of the heart and head; to trace the gradual progress of emotion, from its faint beginnings till it becomes uncontrollable passion; and to suspend the feelings between hope and fear, till the interest becomes almost painfully intense, and much exceeds any that Painting can excite. For this greater depth and extent of power, she is indebted to an auxiliary and admirable art—a language composed of conventional signs, capable of expressing with more or less correctness whatever the mind of man can conceive; but as this differs in language in different countries, it must be acquired or translated into our own before we can understand it, and in such cases it may lose much of its original energy and harmony, with, perhaps, something of its precise meaning. Painting, on the other hand, confined to the representation of visible objects and effects, is able to convey thought and feeling, only as they testify their hidden residence by look, action, and gesture: she cannot narrate, but her language, if not always adequate, is nevertheless that of Nature herself, and, therefore, universal;—intelligible to the learned and the unlearned, subject to no change, and often admitting of still greater force, variety, and ornament, than the flowing numbers and ingenious figures of Poetry herself. Thus in the power of expressing beauty, character, grace, and dignity, Painting much surpasses her rival; and to this the poets themselves bear witness. Ovid confesses that, but for Apelles, Venus would still have remained concealed beneath the waves.

In the animated and illusive representation of outward appearances Painting has greatly the advantage; but being confined in every work to a single point of time, all that she can indicate of the past, the present, and the future, must be concentrated and compressed into the narrow focus of that one moment; a difficulty perhaps exceeding any which the other arts have to encounter. Notwithstanding the close resemblance of these twin sisters, the difference between Painting and Poetry is essential and considerable, arising from the different elements in which they move, and the different organs through which they address the mind. Each has her own sphere and potency: the one exists in time, the other in space: the one, presenting us with shapes and appearances, is instantaneous in her effects; the other with expressive sounds in succession, makes her deeper impressions by degrees; but the rich accumulation of treasures which they have mutually bequeathed to the world prove their identity of spirit, and that Painting is well characterized as “mute Poetry,” and Poetry as “speaking Painting.”

Johnson, in his tale of ‘Rasselas,’ has introduced an eloquent enumeration of the qualities necessary to form a poet, which, as it is equally applicable to the painter, and accords with my view of the subject, I shall here transcribe, as worthy the consideration of the student:—“To a poet nothing can be useless; whatever is beautiful and whatever is dreadful must be familiar to his imagination; he must be conversant with all that is awfully vast, or elegantly little. The plants of the garden, the animals of the wood, the minerals of the earth, and meteors of the sky, must all concur to store his mind with inexhaustible variety; for every idea is useful for the enforcement or decoration of moral or religious truth, and he who knows most will have most power of diversifying his scenes and unexpected instruction: But the knowledge of nature is only half the task of a poet; he must be acquainted likewise with all the modes of life; this character requires that he estimate the happiness and misery of every condition, observe the power of all the passions in all their combinations, and trace the changes of the human mind, as they are modified by various institutions, and accidental influences of climate or custom, from the sprightliness of infancy to the decrepitude of old age.” We are not surprised to hear Rasselas exclaim, “Enough; thou hast convinced me that no human being can ever be a poet.” And yet all that Imlac has there stated to be requisite for the poet is equally necessary for the painter, and still leaves much wanting to complete the idea of a consummate artist; for the latter operating by sensible appearances (of which the eye judges at a glance), whatever he presents to us must

be more minutely studied than is essential to the poet, who addressing us by another organ which does not admit of the same distinctness or of any immediate comparison with his subject, and bringing forward his images one after another, may reject whatever is unsuited to his purpose or his power.

The painter's acquaintance with the structure and surfaces of bodies, their figures and motions, the natural effects and properties of light (and under every variety of perspective), must, therefore, be much more intimate and particular; to which he must add a scientific knowledge of the nature, distribution, and harmony of colours (equivalent to that of the musician in regard to sounds), with a constant attention to *definite imitation*; and after all this, he has difficulties of manipulation to encounter, perhaps equal to those of a dexterous musical performer, from which the poet is entirely exempt.

If Painting in its inventive and intellectual part, be entirely analogous to Poetry, so in its technical conduct—in the harmonious arrangement of its materials—it will be found to bear an equally close relation to Music, and with these it combines that mimic faculty peculiarly its own.

The chief advantages then which Painting possesses over Poetry consist in the universality of its language, and its more effective power in the exhibition of visible objects and qualities—and over Music in its intellectuality and durability; for if it be the boast of music that it affords pleasure to hundreds of persons at the same time, it is as transient as it is fascinating. The fine works of painting remain for the gratification of future ages, while music, to use an expression of Leonardo da Vinci, “expires in the very breath that gives it birth.”

So much for my general notion of the art whose elements I have to bring before you, to which I now proceed. It appears to me, that Painting may be usefully considered, as it is *Inventive*, or poetical, *Scientific*, or technical, *Imitative*, or practical;—for these several qualities or properties must in various degrees enter into the construction of every picture. These I purpose to treat of separately, confining myself on this occasion to the *inventive* part.

Invention has ever been esteemed the highest and most distinguishing attribute of man, as that in which “human power shows likest to Divine:” though not creative, but founded on previous acquisitions, it is originary, and seems to consist in the faculty of discovering and developing novel combinations, extending the boundaries of knowledge, and opening fresh sources of intellectual enjoyment. This is the true province of *Genius*—the great privilege and characteristic of Bacon, Shakspeare, Newton, of Da Vinci, Michael Angelo, Raffaele, and all those master spirits who are born to be the guides of mankind, and throw new light upon the world in art or science. *Invention* in painting does not necessarily imply giving birth to the original germ of the subject, but consists rather in contriving its treatment as a picture, in devising an agreeable and interesting composition, by which the story, whencesoever selected, may be best illustrated, and all the desirable qualities of the heart compatible with it be brought before us in the most effective manner: thus it comprehends not only the choice of the subject, but that of the actions, characters, and expressions, the figures, with the scene and accessories belonging to it,—the nature of the light and hues which are to envelope them,—in short, the entire design or scheme of the work, with all its parts; it is therefore not altogether separable from technical *composition* (which I shall consider particularly in a future lecture). The painter may be indebted to the poet or the historian for his theme, but the invention of the picture as a whole, must be as much his own as if it had altogether proceeded from his sole conception; for the most graphic descriptions will scarcely ever place the circumstances of a story in such a light as will exactly suit the wants of painting; the story or plot, if taken from poetry or history, must be translated into another language, and, if I may so express myself, rendered conformable to its *idioms*; the circumstances must be re-moulded in the mind of the artist, and cast afresh; and no one can do this for him, he must in this be his own poet. This will hardly be denied when we remember how often subjects have been recommended to the painter by men of taste and literature, which, however striking or interesting

in themselves, afford but little scope for his powers and resources (with which, perhaps, artists alone can be thoroughly acquainted). Many of the most ingenious thoughts and happiest touches of poetry are not transferable to painting. Unless they can be made captivating to the mind by form or tone, and offer such materials as our art requires, unless reconcilable with her true principles, they do not fairly come within her province, however true to nature.

Much has been said by various writers on the subject of truth, or, in other words, of what is to be understood by the term *nature*, as applied to works of fiction; and it is obviously of the first importance to the student to acquire just ideas on this leading point. It has been shown, that a rigid adherence to positive truth is neither requisite nor desirable, even in the imitative part of our art; that the imitation must not be a strict copy; in the *inventive*, or poetical part, a much greater latitude is not only allowable but indispensable.

Nature must ever be the painter's text-book; but Painting affects not to be one of the exact sciences, —her aim is not to convince the reason or satisfy the intellect, but to excite the imagination, and to bring before us attractive and improved representations of whatever is best adapted to interest and give us pleasure in the display of her particular capabilities. For this purpose, Nature must be compared with herself, and refined from all that is disagreeable and repulsive; much that we find in individuals must be omitted when redundant or inappropriate, or added when deficient, —the objects we select must be such as are in accordance with their own natures and with ours: —“The images of things (as Bacon says of poetry) must be accommodated to the desires of the mind;” and therefore their natural and obvious interest is to be enhanced in every possible way, —they must be reproduced to us less as they are than as we wish to find them, and conformably with those ideas of the perfection of Nature which she suggests when contemplated in her happiest moods and specimens, collected, refined, and harmonized, as they may be seen in the most admired works of genius. This was the leading principle of the Greeks (as I shall have occasion to point out in my next lecture), and is the basis of style. This is the kind of truth which the best critics concur in laying down as alone proper for the painter. The writings of Reynolds are full of this doctrine, and contain a fund of excellent observations on what is to be considered as “truly nature,” which properly comprehends whatever we are formed to relish and sympathize with, and this is not confined to the *real* and familiar, but includes whatever is probable or even conceivable, —whatever Painting can suggest persuasively to the fancy. The maxim just cited from Bacon is in accordance with the well-known precept of Horace, which allows to poets and painters an equal privilege of departing from mere matter of fact. Indeed, in all works of fiction this is less a licence than a duty. They must bear a certain resemblance, and in some respects a close resemblance to truth, but it must be selected truth, —truth arrayed in fancy's garb, —“Nature to advantage dressed,” aggrandized, beautified, and accommodated to our desires.

That these licences may be carried to an absurd length there can be no doubt, but the question of excess is perhaps only to be determined by the power of the artist. Experience has shown, that if he be able to impart to the spectator his own conceptions and feelings with vigour and enthusiasm, —if he can take captive the imagination and constrain us to follow him in his flight, he may “ascend the highest heaven of invention,” —it matters not *how* far he leave ordinary truth behind him, or to what strange region he may carry us. On the contrary, it is then that he will be most effective and delightful to those congenial spirits whom he has succeeded in binding within his spell. The genius of a painter, like that of a poet, may even call forth new species of beings, —an Ariel or a Caliban, the Midsummer fairies, —and “if his charms crack not,” blend them with nature so happily as not to awaken our incredulity, —may lift us out of “this visible diurnal sphere,” and “lap us in Elysium;” our incredulity, indeed, seems to be the only criterion whether or not he may have exceeded the ample bounds which taste will sanction. On this point there will of course always be a variety of opinion; he will never be equally effective with all

men, and it is obvious that the higher his flight the fewer he must expect to be his followers.

M. Angelo, by common consent, stands at the head of the highest class of inventors in our art, and stands alone. The series of pictures which he has painted in the Sistine chapel, beginning with the ‘Creation of Man,’ and ending with his final ‘Judgment,’ display powers of epic invention, daring conception, and terrible expression, far exceeding in sublimity any other productions that Painting can boast of. These, and his earlier work, ‘the Cartoon of Pisa,’ have already been commented upon in the lectures of Fuseli, with an ingenuity and eloquence, which would render any attempt of mine to enlarge on the same topic, worse than superfluous. As it would be useless here to repeat the remarks of this eminent critic, whose writings are well known to you, I shall simply refer to them as containing much powerful dissertation and instructive criticism on the inventive part of painting. For the same reason I shall abstain from dilating on the less overwhelming, but scarcely less admirable series of paintings by Raffaele in the Vatican. The nature and excellence of these inventions, you may be led to appreciate by the same able commentators. If Raffaele did not so often ride on the “Seraph wings of ecstasy,” and lift us from the earth like his great rival, he was not second to him in his power over the heart. Fuseli has happily observed, that his genius was essentially dramatic, and that he seems to have selected his subjects for the sake of the characters and expressions they would afford, rather than for the interest of the story. This is more particularly the case with his larger works, both those in the *Stanza* and the *Cartoons*. The series of Scripture histories in the *Loggia*, or what are called *Raffaele's Bible*, are less dramatic in their treatment, perhaps from being on a small scale. But in these, as in all his works, we find the same propriety, the same true and graceful reflection of human feelings for which he was so remarkable. Some of these compositions I shall have occasion to advert to hereafter.

When speaking of dramatic invention, I must not omit to call your attention to the noble work above me (‘The Last Supper’), painted from the original of Leonardo da Vinci, by his scholar Marco d'Oggiono, and formerly a decoration of the Convent of Carthusians, at Pavia. If we may believe those authors who have made the most careful researches into the history of this, the most admirable production of one of the most extraordinary men of his own, or any age, it was the favourite object of his profound study during a number of years, and it contains in itself ample evidence of the probability of the fact. The *Cena*, or ‘Last Supper of our Lord with his Disciples,’ appears to have been a favourite subject for representation with the early Christians. Leonardo therefore had not the merit of originating the story of his picture, though he has thrown into it an animation and soul unrivalled in any other treatment of the event: he has happily selected the most impressive moment of time for his action, when our Saviour is declaring, “One of you shall betray me.” The invention of the whole is simple and pathetic, the characters and expressions varied, dignified, and powerful in the highest degree; its combination of admirable qualities placing it as decidedly at the head of the dramatic class of painting as the ‘Last Judgment’ of M. Angelo, stands supreme in the epic. (The technical merits of this celebrated work, it will be my endeavour to point out in future.) Among the numerous copies of it which were soon spread over France and Italy (and Bossi mentions more than thirty) there is none, I believe, equal to that which the Royal Academy has the good fortune to possess. The estimation in which the ‘Last Supper’ has been so justly held, is strongly recognized in the homage paid to it by Raffaele himself, who was induced to enter the lists with Leonardo in an elaborate composition on the same event (which has been finely engraved by Marc Antonio). He has adopted the same moment of time; but beautiful and expressive as his design undoubtedly is, it serves to confirm rather than shake our admiration of its great prototype.

Almost every kind of poetry, as well as the epic and dramatic, may find its parallel in Painting. Giulio Romano, Correggio, Poussin, and Rubens have given us compositions of a highly imaginative character and embodied many of the beautiful fictions

of mythology. Albano has produced a number of graceful works of a lyrical character. The ‘Aurora of Guido’ is an ode.

Allegory, too, though almost discarded from poetry, will often furnish the painter with the means of conveying to the mind a variety of agreeable images and ingenious ideas, that could not otherwise be so well expressed, and affords great scope to original invention. In this particular province of art he has, I conceive, much greater power over our sympathies than the poet: Minerva, the Muses, and other established personifications, may be invested with a degree of beauty, grace, and interest in Painting, which Poetry can never give them. Rubens has shown that allegory affords unequalled opportunities in the technical part of our art, though he has often perplexed, instead of explaining, his story, with those obscure and trivial emblems, which he had learned to admire in the school of his master, Otto Venius (which were too much the fashion of his time). The mixture of allegorical and historical personages in his Luxembourg Gallery, it must be confessed, shocks us from their incongruity (enveloped as they are in an atmosphere of splendour and pictorial prowess, that almost sets criticism at defiance). But his picture at Florence of ‘Mars rushing out of the temple of Janus,’ appears to me entirely free from these objections. He is represented as hurried on by vengeance and fury, and trampling on the Arts; Beauty and Love are vainly endeavouring to withhold him, while the Earth follows, lamenting, lifting up her hands and eyes to heaven. The composition is admirable, and sweeps through the canvas with great and appropriate impetus; all the characters are expressive, and easily recognized. The invention is simple, ingenious, and consistent throughout, and affords, I think, a happy example of the capabilities of allegorical painting. It has been said, that these *unreal* personages can never affect the feelings, but this is surely not the fact: they may be made beautiful to the eye as well as interesting to the imagination, and therefore afford excellent materials for a picture, though they would have less hold upon us in a poem. Yet, perhaps, Spenser's long continued allegories are complained of, rather from their want of variety and fatiguing stanza, than from the characters being fictitious, of which we are only reminded now and then by their names. If the representation be lively and agreeable, and have a sufficient appearance of truth, we do not ask if the persons represented have ever had “a local habitation or a name.” In the allegory by Rubens, which I have just mentioned, we see a soldier rushing out to battle, and a beautiful female, with her children, endeavouring to restrain him; they are followed by a matron, in an agony of woe; under him are two or three figures thrown down, having in their hands various instruments of art. A mother on her knees before him, clasping a child in her arms, furies and harpies dragging him on; in the background, a town on fire, and a troop of fighting-men. Here is little or nothing that is symbolic, or doubtful; the circumstances and characters have a natural hold on our affections, and we may sympathize with the energy and passions which the principal figures display, without recollecting that they are allegorical types. Why should this fine work be less interesting when we discover, that in its abstract meaning (which few will search for) is an ingenious emblem of war and its effects?

Every one is charmed with Shakspeare's allegory of the mermaid singing on the dolphin's back, “and the stars that shot madly from their spheres to hear the seamaid's music.” It is so exquisitely imaginative, so consistent with the fairy scenery and characters among which it is placed, that we are quite content to receive it as a beautiful picture, without thinking of Mary Queen of Scots, and the English nobility, whom she seduced from their allegiance, a hidden meaning of which, but for the acuteness of Warburton, we might still be ignorant. In these instances the allegory pleases, chiefly from its picturesque circumstances, and whether the concealed meaning be unveiled or not, is of little importance; it is there for those who seek it, and to them will be an additional gratification. At other times the interest may arise more especially from the ingenuity of the thought: of this kind, is the following example, mentioned by Du Bos: “The Prince de Condé caused the history of his father, the Grand Condé, to be



painted in the gallery at Chantilly, but that hero having been in his youth opposed to the government, and having performed some of his greatest exploits whilst he bore arms against his country, no display of those could properly be made in such a place; on the other hand, it would have been a great mortification to a son, jealous of his father's glory, to suppress his most illustrious achievements in a kind of temple which he was raising to his fame. He directed, therefore, Clio, the historical muse, a well known allegorical personage, to be drawn with a book in her hand, on the back of which was inscribed, 'The Life of the Prince de Condé.' With the other hand she was tearing some leaves out of the book, and throwing them on the ground, on these might be read the relief of Cambray, the succour of Valenciennes, the retreat before Arras, in short the titles of almost all the great actions of the Prince; thus, says Du Bos, ingeniously perpetuating their memory while he made a feint of rejecting them. Here the figure of Clio being made beautiful and expressive, perhaps with a half-suppressed smile, would render a happy device a very agreeable picture.

Michael Angelo, Raffaele, Titian, Paolo Veronese, and all the great painters, have occasionally employed their talents on allegory, as allowing more ample scope than any other class of subjects to a poetical imagination. Two allegorical pictures by Correggio, in the collection of the King of France, have been engraved. One represents man tyrannized over by his passions, the other, virtue triumphing over vice. These, and the picture by Rubens, which I have just noticed, belong to unmixed allegory, which, where too much is attempted, may be somewhat obscure; on the other hand, if mixed with history, though it may have the advantage of being more intelligible, unless happily managed, it is apt to be incongruous; at least, where ancient and modern persons and circumstances are combined. The allegorical figures of Rome and Fortune, in Poussin's picture of 'Coriolanus,' (a fine invention, and as happily commented on by Fuseli,) are quite in keeping with the period to which they belong, and by infusing into a great historical event, the spirit of Poetry, have raised it to the sublime. But allegory affords such opportunities of introducing examples of the highest beauty and the grandest character, with every variety of motion, expression, and picturesque effect, such a rich fund of materials intellectual and technical, that it will probably always be the chief resource of monumental, as well as ornamental painting on a large scale, in conveying ethical lessons or philosophical truths, combined with classical imagery. Necessity (the parent of invention) has sometimes obliged painters to introduce into pictures, not allegorical, mere hieroglyphics or symbols, for the purpose of telling the story, and even these are willingly tolerated, when the work is, in other respects, a fine one. In that noble composition, 'The Delivery of the Keys to Peter,' Raffaele has given it an express meaning only by the real keys and sheep, which he has adopted to express the metaphorical images of the sacred text—a conversion of poetical types into realities, in which he has, perhaps, drawn more largely on the intellect and indulgence of the spectator, than in any other instance. In one of his beautiful inventions in the Loggia, (Joseph expounding his dreams to his brethren,) he has represented the dreams within two circles, in the air, without which, the whole would be unintelligible. But these pretend to be no more than symbols introduced solely to bring the subject to the spectator's recollection. In another, 'Joshua bidding the Sun stand still,' the sun and the moon are also mere hieroglyphics, for Joshua is turning his back on both, though supposed to be in the act of pointing to them; the light coming in from the right of the picture in front, while the sun is on the left, behind. I do not mention these contrivances as beauties, but to show what may be resorted to in difficult cases, and that where the merits of the works are great enough to bear them out, the mind assents to almost any degree of licence, by which it obtains that information which is wanted to make out the painter's meaning; and if that can be rendered plain by a few words upon a scroll or pedestal, or by any similar clue, it adds to the pleasure we receive, as it shows the ingenuity of the artist, without detracting from the technical merits of the work. In the 'Elymas' of Raffaele,

he has told the story in so many words on the base of the Proconsul's tribune, where it could not possibly have been, as it records the fact which you see taking place before you. From the same motive, the ancients never scrupled to put the names of allegorical personages under them. On medals, it was their invariable practice, and in this they have been followed by Raffaele and other eminent painters. We find it adopted also in that beautiful marble in the British Museum, 'The Apotheosis of Homer.' On some of the Herculaneum pictures, and on several of the Greek or Etruscan vases, the names of the persons represented are also inscribed under them; and it is more than probable that this was the case with the allegorical picture of 'Calumny,' by Apelles, recorded by Lucian; and, perhaps, in the complex type, which Parrhasius drew of the Athenian people, he had recourse to the same expedient. We are apt to smile at this as a clumsy contrivance of the Gothic painters, but it appears to have been used by the best artists, (in the best times,) who felt that it was contrary to the intention of Art either to deceive or puzzle the spectator, and were ready to adopt every mode of making it intelligible and interesting, even by stepping out of its strict natural limits, for assistance. I may here advert to a painter in whom we may boast of having possessed one of the most original inventors that the art has every produced: I allude to Hogarth. The richness of his vein, his conceptions of character, and truth of expression, all stamp him a true poet, and well entitle him to be mentioned in this division of my subject. In the class of Art to which he devoted his powers, and which may be styled in general low comedy, he has displayed (with an inexhaustible fund of wit and humour) a dramatic invention not surpassed by Raffaele himself. He has the very high merit also in the majority of his best works, such as the 'Rake's Progress,' 'Marriage à la Mode,' and others, of making them the vehicles of moral instruction, and lashing with severity the vices and profligacy of his day. By devoting a series of compositions to the same story, and by the variety of ingenious devices he has introduced, (which in this style, perhaps, add to the comic effect of his pictures,) he has contrived to make them as intelligible as narratives, and has shown such a fertile imagination in his details, such a knowledge of nature and of art in the scheme and treatment of his subjects, as place him alone in his particular department. It is to be observed too, that he has drawn his subjects wholly from his own resources, (an abstract and brief chronicle of the times he lived in,) and is not indebted even for their germs to any other poet.

We may congratulate ourselves that he, at least, did not follow the advice which Horace gives to poets, of rather adopting known stories than bringing forward entirely new ones. The value of this precept, as applicable to our art, would indeed appear not a little questionable; for though in adopting it the artist's meaning might be more easily recognized, it would seem to be at the sacrifice of novelty, and to the discouragement of originality. To treat in a new and striking way stories that have been often handled, and must therefore be more or less prescribed or anticipated, is an unequivocal proof of genius; but though taste and science may sometimes supply in technical arrangement and skill what is wanted in original freshness, few subjects can be so rich as to afford many opportunities of varying them with success: some will do only once. Some of the finest would probably be excluded by having been already so admirably treated as to forbid further attempts. Who, for instance, would now undertake the 'Last Judgment,' the 'Death of Ananias,' or the 'Last Supper'?

Some modern critics of this country are for restricting the invention of the artist in another way, and have gone so far as to assert that among us the subjects of painting should be altogether drawn from our native materials, and that a nation so pre-eminent as Britain ought to have a distinct art of its own; that the subjects and style we admire in the old masters may have belonged properly to those countries in which they were produced, but that if transplanted into ours, they can never flourish, or at least have the flavour of indigenous fruit. But this partial view of the matter, which if adopted would miserably circumscribe the field of art, and fetter all

the nobler efforts of the painter, appears to me entirely mistaken and unphilosophical. We may, no doubt, be more deeply interested by the most ordinary circumstances connected with self, than by the rarest productions of genius—the coarsest portrait of a valued friend may give us more real pleasure than the finest picture of a stranger by Vandyke himself. Our personal ties and affections will always bid defiance to any rivalry from art. But works of fiction do not pretend to vie with realities; their aim is to give an agreeable stimulus to our imaginations or affections, by reproducing to our notice whatever is permanently grand, beautiful, emphatic or impressive in our observations and conceptions of nature. Such are the qualities we admire in the most celebrated works of art, the real worth of which is to be estimated, not by the transitory gratification they may afford us from present fashions, or personal ties, but by the aggregate approbation of enlightened minds, in different times and countries, which has passed on them a verdict that they are truly and happily drawn from universal nature. Hamlet and Othello engage our sympathies as strongly as if they had been born in England, because they are faithful and impassioned pictures of man, who is essentially everywhere the same.

Every country may have its native or popular style, but high art, like truth, is limited to no country, is independent of local associations, and belongs to all periods and climes. The author of a really fine work of fiction contributes to the delight of his species, and is a valuable denizen of the civilized world. Such are Homer and Raffaele to be considered; such is Shakspeare, whom the Germans at this day challenge as belonging to them, no less than to us, from the pleasure he affords them: such are Scott and Molière. Let us not, then, attempt to tether Painting within the narrow circle of our own sorry homestead—a noble courser that was meant to range, and exultate freely through all the realms of fancy.

It is clear, that were we to admit the absurd restriction alluded to, we should exclude some of the best sources of invention; for it may be observed, that the selection of the subject from some distance (either of time or space), affords in itself an important advantage, by giving more latitude to the imagination. We see too much into the detail of what is close to us; the fancy is checked by familiarity; while, on the other hand, our being freed from homely and trivial considerations is perhaps one cause of the powerful impression produced by the great epic poets and painters. In their elevated sphere, the artist is not contradicted by the too intimate knowledge of the observer. No one, who appreciates the marvellous display of energy and passion in the 'Last Judgment,' thinks for a moment of the every-day nature to which he is accustomed; he is altogether absorbed in the terror and sublimity of the scene before him, as by a stupendous and overpowering vision. Even in subjects of a less aspiring kind, by copying too closely our own accidental habits and manners, we always lose in that permanent interest, which belongs to the best productions of the pencil. The admirable genius of Hogarth will hardly preserve his works from gradually becoming as uncouth to his own countrymen, as they have always been to foreigners, from the strangeness and coarseness of their materials; while those of Raffaele will probably retain their power over cultivated minds as long as taste exists and human feelings continue in their accustomed course.

The foregoing remarks have been drawn chiefly from Poetry, but they are applicable, in no inconsiderable degree to subjects selected from history, which must also be moulded to the demands of Art by the invention of the painter, or they will fail to affect us with pleasure. In historical subjects, however, attention is required to the costume of the time and country to which they belong, even though that should be unpleasing in itself. And perhaps this necessity, and the unpicturesque forms of modern habiliments, may be one cause why recent history has been so little attempted, and interests so little when it is. There is some risk of its becoming ludicrous, even in the painter's lifetime, merely from a change in the fashions of the day. So much was this felt when West undertook to paint the Death of General Wolfe, that he hesitated at first whether he should not clothe his figures in the Roman costume,



to avoid the awkwardness of the regimental uniforms and military accoutrements of the period. And our great painter and sagacious critic, Sir J. Reynolds, is said to have advised him to adopt that course, conceiving it to be necessary in order to support the dignity of the subject. West, however, concluded that by so great a sacrifice of known truth, his picture would lose more in character and popular attraction than it could gain by the introduction of classical instead of English dresses: and his success amply justified the choice he finally made. The masterly work he produced on that occasion will always be interesting to the antiquary, from its faithful details, and to the admirers of art, from the skill displayed in the composition. Nevertheless, though as well managed in this respect as a due attention to matters of fact would permit, the repulsive character of the costume, which he could not entirely overcome, must, I think, always detract something from our entire satisfaction with it as a picture.

We see, then, what description of subjects is calculated to maintain a wide and permanent interest with mankind, and what are those which, if more popular in their day, are likely to prove more transient. The painter, however, who justly appreciates the extensive capabilities and almost unlimited range of his art, will not hesitate to exercise his inventive powers in whatever direction fancy may prompt him. In that direction only can he do justice to his natural gifts, and hope to meet with success. Every work will find its class of admirers in congenial minds, whether that class be limited or extensive. We have a right to expect some portion of the spirit of poetry though small or inactive, to be in the latent breast of men, in general; and this it is the especial purpose of the imaginative arts to awaken and elicit. This is that faculty, otherwise called Taste, by which we perceive and relish the beautiful and poetical of whatever is most impressive and happily characteristic in art or nature, as natural taste should be inherent to a more than ordinary extent in the artist (for it is the native germ of future excellence which, though it may be developed and perfected, cannot be supplied by culture); so in a minor degree it is no less indispensable in those to whom works of art are addressed. These are produced only in the expectation that they will meet with an echo in the breast of the spectator responsive to the feelings of the artist. "Without fine nerves, a bosom nicely warmed, an eye, an ear, a fancy to be charmed," in those who are thus appealed to, the efforts of the greatest genius must be exerted in vain.

I have now pointed out the principal modes of invention, and briefly adverted to the more intellectual properties of the art. I have endeavoured especially to draw the attention of the students to the connexion of Painting with Poetry, believing that a poetical feeling should be intermingled to the utmost possible extent in all its productions, of whatever class, as alone giving to them that zest and preservative quality which should always belong to so refined and elevated an art. But those high qualities, taste, fancy, feeling, are spiritual gifts, and cannot be taught. As far as its own peculiar demands will admit, a picture should be conceived like a poem, and treated like a piece of music; and I trust that I shall be borne out in the views I have taken as I proceed, and adduce the opinions and examples of the most intelligent critics and the most esteemed painters. These leading considerations being more or less connected with every division of my subject (particularly with that of composition), I shall have frequent occasion to revert to them in my succeeding lectures.

I shall conclude this introductory address with some advice to the student who is beginning his career. —He will of course make himself acquainted as early as possible with the valuable lectures and discourses which have at various times been delivered from this place. These form in themselves an admirable code of instruction, which will lead him to form a just estimate of what is truly nature, as well as of the limits and capabilities of his art; this he should regard as a sort of patrimony; and I cannot here forbear reminding the young artist of an useful admonition of Sir J. Reynolds, that, in the earlier stages of his study, he should implicitly adopt and follow his master's rules, as if they were infallible. Docility is one of the first moral requisites in any one who would become a painter; it is almost as

necessary, indeed, as taste, memory, and imagination. Of this invaluable disposition and its happy effects, we have a persuasive example in Raffaele himself. Whatever the student's genius, he must be content for some time to travel in the beaten track; with this it is his business to become thoroughly acquainted, were it only to enable him, in a more advanced state, to deviate from it with the greater security; and I feel it right to caution him seriously against supposing that a desultory or slovenly course of study will ever lead to a favourable result; he cannot be too careful and elaborate in his early efforts; it is the shortest, or rather the only road to excellence. If he refer to the example of the great artists, he will perceive them to have been indefatigable in the prosecution of their studies: the extent and variety of their acquisitions, indeed, seem hardly credible in this our "laggard age." While he is daily and assiduously striving to perfect himself in the imitative part of the Art, he should store his mind with all the general as well as critical and technical knowledge he is able to acquire; making himself acquainted with the collection of prints and other valuable works in the library, and extending his view by degrees to every school and age. There is no species of information, which he may not, at some time or other, bring to bear with advantage on his own comprehensive art: and the more he enlarges the sphere of his ideas, the better qualified will he be to make researches in the inexhaustible storehouse of Nature; and the ampler range will his invention be enabled to take. The respected authority I have just quoted asserts that "ours is not an art of inspiration;" and the doctrine, as addressed to the student, is highly laudable, and encouraging, more especially as coming from one whose genius few will be disposed to question. Yet I am afraid, that without some natural predisposition (by whatever name it may be called), some more than ordinary faculties, nothing very considerable can ever be achieved in Art. Science will be insipid without deep feeling and a degree of enthusiasm, which are other words for genius — feeling will be ineffective without science. The nature of that rare attribute, genius, which is supposed to be anterior to, or independent of all culture, is not yet very well agreed upon; the strongest claims to it are often disputed, while the aspirant is living, and are not always settled even by impartial posterity. Let not the student however despair, who does not perceive himself to be thus endowed, but rather let him urge his powers, whatever they may be, yet more strenuously; nor let the student who fancies himself possessed of this high gift, relax in his industry and application.

Leonardo considered it a good sign, if an artist was dissatisfied with his productions, because it showed that his conceptions went beyond his present ability, which longer study and practice would doubtless increase; and, on the contrary, that his being satisfied, at once proved the work to be too profound for his comprehension. In the opinion of Michael Angelo, even Raffaele owed more of his excellence to unwearied diligence, than to his natural gifts; and the genius of our sublime Milton is compared by Pope to a furnace kept at an intense heat by extraordinary art. If we can persuade ourselves that such as these were not endowed beyond the ordinary race of men, we may well believe with Newton and Reynolds, that "nothing is denied to patient and well directed labour." However this may be, a just conception of the extensive demands of our art will convince us, that a life of application and unremitting study must be the lot of all who wish to arrive at any great proficiency in painting. M. Angelo at the age of eighty declared that he was still learning.

I hope the student will not think that it is my wish to overwhelm him with a needless accumulation of difficulties; I have not intentionally exaggerated any, but in this general view of the art I am anxious to omit nothing that may help to awaken his enthusiasm and stimulate his exertions, and to show the necessity of cultivating his mind and heart, no less than his hand, convinced as I am that a great artist can only be reared on the foundation of sound moral principles, and a liberal education. I would recommend him particularly to familiarize himself with all the finest productions of poetry, and the noblest traits of history, of every age. These studies will awaken his fancy, prompt and sustain his invention, and perhaps qualify him to emulate those great

masters of our art who have achieved undying honour for themselves, and bequeathed such illustrious examples to their successors.

#### ROYAL ACADEMY.

##### Professor Cockerell's Lectures on Architecture. CONCLUDING LECTURE.

Proportion, and the application of its golden rules, as they affect the external forms of Architecture, had occupied the latter part of the preceding lecture; the *analogia* of the Greeks, delivered to us by Vitruvius, that analogy, by which all the conformations of artificial bodies were derived from natural bodies, seemed to be a principle of obvious importance and utility to the architect, and should be attentively considered.

It appeared that the animal kingdom furnishes clearer lights for our guidance than the vegetable, because organized nature was more constant in her proportions, and enabled us always to re-establish the whole from a part; thus the hand of a Grecian statue, of the Hercules, the Apollo, or of the Venus, or a fragment of any one of the Grecian orders of Architecture, enabled us to restore the whole; indeed, the proportion by aliquot parts by a modulus, a principle of the Greeks, as explained by Vitruvius, lib. i. c. 11, lib. iii. c. 1, was still practised in India, and seems founded in organized nature.

Not so in the productions of the vegetable kingdom, fragments of which would never enable us to comprehend the whole: however indebted to this part of the creation for the graces of ornament, and various essential analogies, Architecture found a less sure guide of proportion in this than in the animal kingdom: in fact, all architecture so derived was anomalous, as the Egyptian and the Gothic, in which no fixed laws of proportion have ever been applied or attempted. Columns or supports might be from five to fifty diameters in height, and were only bounded by possibility. The stunted pollard, the spreading cedar of Lebanon, the aspiring poplar, or the attenuated cane, were extremes equally at the disposal of the architect.

But that guide, which the face of nature furnished to the architect for his external forms and proportions, was wanting for the internal — as of areas, squares, courts, and open places; or of internal capacities (height as well as area); as of temples, halls, apartments, &c.; in these we must appeal to the relations of reason, purpose, and convention.

Vitruvius (lib. vi. c. 2, 3, 4, 6, lib. v. c. 1, and c. 2) gives us the experience of the ancients on this important subject. The Greek forum, says he, was a square, but the Roman was 3 by 2, because the gladiatorial shows were exhibited there; courts should have the proportions of 5 by 3 (the favourite of the learned Palladio), sometimes 3 by 2, or sesquialteral, or the diagonal of the square will be the length. He lays down the proportions of all the apartments of the Greek and Roman house: atria, alæ, tablinum, and peristylum, triclina, æci, exedreæ et pinacothecæ. He does not, however, establish any principle, and his rules are wholly empirical. But the great Alberti, not content without a principle, adopts the Pythagorean doctrine of universal harmony, and agreement between sounds and numbers, namely, that what pleases the ear pleases also the eye; he lays down, therefore, his harmonic proportion, in which Blondel, Ouvrard and others have followed. The notion of musical proportions is common, and has occupied many ingenious minds already versed in that art. Describing St. Peter's, Byron, in this feeling, observes

Vastness which grows, but grows to harmonize,  
All musical in its immensities.

Alberti was the first also to establish the rules of arithmetical and geometrical proportions (lib. ix. b. 3, 4, 5, 6), applied to all the varieties of areas and capacities. He is followed by Palladio in the arithmetical and geometrical rules, lib. i. c. 23.

It is a comfortable conclusion to the practical architect that the empirical rules of Vitruvius, the harmonic, the geometrical and arithmetical rules of Alberti and his followers, agree in the main; so that either may be adopted without material deviation from correctness; but the neglect of these rules, in which lie that hidden charm that every one must be sensible of when examining a finely proportioned

room, has been common of late years, as if the principle were of no value; the zealous student therefore should carefully note that consent of the ancients and the most illustrious masters of the moderns, here set forth; and he will soon learn devoutly to repeat the denunciation of the Hindu Vitruvius (Ram Raz, Asiatic Society, 1834, p. 15), "Woe to them who dwell in a house not built according to the proportions of symmetry."

It is true, that the climate of this country and our habits do not often permit the finer Italian proportions; thus the arithmetical rule of proportion, common with our greatest masters, in our best mansions, 36 by 24, should give us 30 feet high to the vault, but we commonly limit it to 18 feet. To correct the defect of lowness, so frequent with us, the illusions of perspective painting, after the admirable Pozzo, may well apply; but even the arrangement of the trabecation and plaster enrichments, offer to the ingenious architect, versed in perspective, many resources for the increase of the apparent height, and for the attainment of an artificial proportion. But a manufacturing people are prone to carpets, rugs, curtains, gilded frames, and mahogany furniture, while the low ceiling is a sheet of paper stretched like a drum, at most of a neutral tint, of indurated fog, with a gilt moulding: while the artistic Italian opens a window of perspective in his ceiling, through which a canopy of poetry and distance delights the eye, and deceives the understanding; but the floor is paved with tiles.

Again, in our modern churches, a ceiling, 60 by 80, has often been fearlessly stretched in one unbroken surface of plaster, in defiance of the fine examples of Charles's and Queen Anne's churches, in which a cove, after the Italian manner, has the effect of reducing the ceiling, and of rectifying the proportion in the simplest and most graceful manner. The student should well reflect on this important field for architectural skill and effect. He may be a good builder and cheap, but he can have no pretensions as an artist who throws away his time and his character in such condescensions as this mechanical employment of his talent implies.

The rules hitherto referred to, have the beautiful for their object. Beauty in Architecture depends, amongst other causes, especially on the exact and graceful proportions of the parts and of the whole. But the sublime depends upon other causes, in which rules cannot prescribe; to the latter not only the rules of the former do not apply, but they are destructive of it. If the beautiful resides in the proportionate, it would appear that the sublime often resides in the disproportionate. The principles and the rules of beauty and sublimity are distinct. If we stand under an arch of London Bridge, the vaulted soffit, so vast and extended, sustained from such distant abutments, produces a kind of sublime; no doubt aided by its comparative lowness. The Pantheon is inscribed in a cube, its height equal to its diameter; no one standing under its prodigious cupola has ever denied its sublimity. But when that same Pantheon is raised into the air (in equal dimension) at St. Peter's, it may have become beautiful, but has lost its quality of sublime. When Byron apostrophizes the Pantheon, he feels the peculiarity of its merit:—

Simple, erect, severe, austere, sublime,  
Shrine of all saints, and temple of all gods,  
From Jove to Jesus, spared and blest by Time,  
Looking tranquillity!

As the dome of the Pantheon is raised at St. Peter's into a proportionate height, at the expense of its sublime, so the nave (nearly twice as wide as that of St. Paul's Cathedral), also raised proportionately, loses all effect of magnitude; and the common and universal observation is, that as respects this important effect the architect has laboured in vain; and the work stands self-condemned.

The noble poet coincides with the received opinion, and is obliged to supply by poetical moonshine that dignity and interest which it was his object to give to the Vatican. He says—

Enter, its grandeur overwhelms you not,  
And why? It is not lessened; but thy mind,  
Expanded by the genius of the spot,  
Has grown colossal; and can only find  
A fit abode wherein appear enshrined,  
Thy hopes of immortality!

Sometimes this failure has been attributed to its proportion, which (from its justness, it is said) takes

from its magnitude; a criticism at once the most severe and just that can be. In fact, no increase of a proportionate object will ever give it magnitude and the sublime; these depend on extraordinary relations and excess of parts and proportions.

Some years ago a French giant, upwards of nine feet high, exhibited himself in London, but so just were his proportions that no one would give credit to his dimension, till they stood beside him; he was therefore accounted a kind of fraud, and the exhibition failed. But had he been disproportioned, his head small, his shoulders high, and his members excessive, he might have succeeded, even had he been a foot shorter. Had the nave of St. Peter's, 77 feet wide, been 90 feet high only, instead of 145; or if we were to suppose a stage raised mid-height and place ourselves upon it, we should be sensible of its vast latitude, and the effect of magnitude would have been produced as under a bridge. The Barriere de l'Etoile, from the same reasons, though as large as the front of Notre Dame—the arch itself 48 by 95, equal to the height of the nave, but of ordinary proportions and great simplicity of parts and members—loses its effect: the arc *monstre* is glorious to the *grande armée*, but not to the arts of their day; and is infinitely less artificial in its combination than the arches of St. Martin and St. Antoine, designed by the accomplished Blondel.

If, then, the architect can obtain latitude, he should seek to carry out its effect by quadrate and comparatively low proportions; but if he adds altitude to his latitude, he loses his expense and pains, and he may find too late that half his dimension might have attained the same effect; since *proportionate magnitude* defeats itself.

But as extreme latitude gives the sublime, so does its opposite extreme of altitude: in Cologne and Beauvais, the naves of which are three and a half diameters in height, though scarcely more than half the actual width of St. Peter's nave—limited, therefore, in their dimension to the usual cathedral width, yet nearly double the usual proportion—the sublime is completely attained; and disproportion again appears to be the efficient cause.

But the optical consideration of the visual angle in which these several proportions present themselves is exceedingly important. Thus to the spectator of the dome of the Pantheon, the visual angle is 95°, while the same dome raised into the air at St. Peter's is only 30°. In the nave of St. Peter's, the visual angle is 48°, that of St. Paul's Cathedral is 37°, while the vault of Cologne is only 22°. Since then the effect of magnitude is measured by the number of degrees in the visual angle, the architect will advert to this consideration as of extreme interest.

We come, then, to the important conclusion, that the sublime and the beautiful are to be found in the proper adjustment of proportions, rather than in dimensions; and we may infer, that no increase of scale to the beautiful will ever make it the sublime.

But the sublime is of rare occurrence: the use, however, to which these reflections may be turned by the practical architect, under limited means, is remarkably illustrated in the Casino at Chiswick, where the very circumscribed area of the rooms is compensated by their extraordinary height, and the accomplished Lord Burlington has given a nobility to very small apartments which no one could believe on seeing the plan alone, without visiting that elegant work.

Magnitude is the great object and result of design, and this quality is only to be attained by the fine adjustment of relative proportions in magnitude and order. Architecture consists in magnitude and order (says Aristotle), τὸ γὰρ καλὸν ἐν μεγέθει καὶ τάξει ἰστέ. (Poet. p. xi. s. 4.) The works of man, compared with those of Nature, display our insignificance. The Pyramids, seen in the clear sky of Egypt, or St. Peter's at Rome, are proverbially disappointing to the first gaze of the beholder: it is only after he has instituted comparisons and admeasurements that he becomes sensible of the greatness of these human efforts,—and his memory will supply him with many instances in which objects of very inferior dimensions have surpassed them in impression of magnitude upon his mind. It is plain, therefore, that Art alone can produce the full effect of magnitude, and to this the architect should direct all his skill: the ancients

will be found consummate masters in this as well as in every other department of our art. It is, indeed, a fine art which enables the accomplished artist to raise ideas of magnitude and grandeur of composition on a piece of paper no bigger than your hand; while a less able one shall cover a vast canvas without executing any comparable notions. Worthy of all inquiry and solicitude is such an art, for it is the whole art of design and proportion. Pliny cites a statue of Hercules, so small that it might be lifted by the hand, which, however, conveyed more grandeur, magnitude, and strength to the mind of the observer, than a Colossus would have done. How great must have been the science of the master! and if, with such small means, he could affect the mind with these impressions, how great the economy of cost and material to the employer!!

Burke, whose notions, however, of proportion are vague and erroneous, says admirably on this point (sec. x.).—"A true artist should put a generous deceit on the spectators, and effect the noblest designs by easy methods. Designs which are vast only by their dimensions, are always the sign of a common and low imagination."

In the last lecture it was attempted to show that magnitude, breadth, and proportion of parts were best found in inequalities; but the consideration of magnitude, as respects composition of the whole, seems to depend on other principles: first, it appears that, to make a great whole, there must be many parts; secondly, to appreciate that whole, the point from which it is permitted to be seen should be eusynoptic, namely, so contrived as to fill the angle of vision of 45.0, and occupy the whole retina with multiplied impressions fairly and agreeably presented.

With reference to the first proposition, it may be observed, that in a young tree bursting from the ground, two or three branches with upward tendency grow from the polished bark; the subdivisions are few, and we may count the leaves. By and by, with age and maturity, the bark becomes rough and corrugated, the base is surrounded with excrescences and roots, which, partly above the ground, indicate the hold it has on all the surrounding space; the branches now shoot out at right angles with the bulky stem, each limb becomes a tree, the subdivisions of these are infinite, and, in all degrees of size and proportion, the leaves are countless. So the young animal, simple in parts, and smooth, expanding with age and strength, develops features and subordinate parts never dreamt of before; furnished and complete, the measure and fullness of strength and beauty is at length filled up. So in Architecture, the tetra-style portico can never look large, though, in St. Peter's, the columns have eight feet in diameter. The Hecatompedon, burnt by the Persians, was not inferior in the scale of its parts to the present Parthenon, but Ictinus judged that, by increasing the number of parts—making that octo-style which had been hexa-style only—greater magnificence would result.

The Temple of the Giants, at Agrigentum (heptastyle) was the largest Doric of antiquity, but to give it all its value, a number of new features, never seen before, accompany its increased growth and vastness. It is raised on a platform of many steps, a base of novel design surrounds the columns, and these vast masses themselves, each a tower of thirteen feet in diameter, built of many stones, told by its many parts and its elaborate construction the cost and grandeur of the undertaking. So the columns at Paestum have twenty-four instead of the usual twenty flutings: in short, examples are infinite to show that, to convey the full effect of real magnitude, an artificial magnitude must be superadded, or it is lost labour.

Gradation and repetition of features of the same general resemblance in various sizes, the major and the minor, are main sources of magnitude; the artist will see in the satellites surrounding the planet Jupiter, the best reason for the title of the Father of the Gods; the western towers of St. Paul's give magnitude to the dome. The same principle was to have been applied to St. Peter's, but the western towers fell down. In the admirable church of the Salute at Venice, the minor dome over the high altar, and again the still smaller towers accompanying this, are foils to the great dome. Byron admirably enforces the number of parts:—

"Thou seest not all; but piecemeal thou must break,  
To separate contemplation the great whole;



And as the ocean many bays will make,  
That ask the eye—so here condense thy soul  
To more immediate objects, and control  
Thy thoughts, until thy mind hath got by heart  
Its eloquent proportions, and unroll  
Its mighty gradations, part by part,  
The glory which at once upon thee did not dart.”  
*Childe Harold*, c. iv. v. 157.

So Palladio (as already remarked) characterized his style by the inter-penetration of the larger order by a smaller.

In decoration we are careful to put a small scroll in juxtaposition to the larger, to give its full effect; and so the painter to give size to his principal figures interposes women and children in various gradations: the wreath or swag which shall contain flowers or fruit, all of the same size, will be mean, or look like a string of onions; the whole secret of proportion and whole purpose of magnificence is attained, by satellites, and by gradation of the major and the minor.

With reference to the second proposition, the consideration of the point of view of architectural works, the ancients, as has been already observed, were consummate masters, and cannot be too carefully studied. The labour of the architect is vain, if he miscalculates the point of view, and the picture which he is to present on the retina of the spectator. As well might the painter consent to a bad light for his work, as the architect be careless on this vital point. The *genius loci* will insist upon a peculiar composition; each position requires its own adaptation; we should have proper things in proper places. A design good in one place may fail in another, and the unskillful approach and point of view may ruin the best scheme. It is not enough to be right, but to show that you are so: the *“faire valoir”* is a fine economy which runs through the architecture of life, as well as of every step in brick and mortar. The architect must be well versed in this part of optics: the synoptic, the eusynoptic, the *deceptio visus*, should be his constant observation; like a skilful general he must manage and manœuvre his masses to impose upon the spectator, and by their skilful disposition he may often gain that ascendancy which his real forces may not warrant. A familiar instance of this is seen at St. Paul's, and often practised upon the green-horn mason, who visits London for the first time. Of the two orders which decorate the exterior, the lower one forms the great order of the interior, in the same precise dimension; but the angle of view in the interior being so much larger, the spectator is persuaded of its larger dimension. The roguish cicerone engages the novice in dispute on this question, enforced by a bet, which on proof is always to his disadvantage and the penalty of his pot of beer.

Sometimes accident does more for us than wit. St. Paul's, constrained, and crowded amidst narrow streets, produces on the unsophisticated a magnitude and interest which would be lost if the pedants had their way, and large areas and terraces were to expose it from Farringdon Street and the Thames.

While considering magnitude, we must not forget that (the most difficult of all) which arises from greatness of conception—a quality which every one habituated to contemplate fine buildings, must often have been impressed with. But much more the ingenious architect, who in his practice has had opportunities of comparing his own design with those of others more able than himself, and still more in canvassing the various modes in which a work might be performed, will remark the difference between one mind and another. He will find all the moral qualities of the artist exhibited in his performance. “By their works ye shall know them;” greatness of soul, or contractedness of spirit, a folly or a vice, the specious, the clumsy, the refined, the honest, are written in characters quite legible to those who have learnt to decipher the language of design.

We might show the character of Wren in the lineaments of his work—sublime in his mathematical attainments, clear, original and comprehensive in his combinations above all men; but in his exterior unobtrusive and timid, small and elaborate, concealing the art (as Nature does), revealed only on our nearer examination to our wonder and delight. We plainly see “the Nestor of Athens, not only in his profession the greatest man of that age, but who had given more proof of it than any other man ever did; he was in a manner the inventor of the use of mechanical powers; and they record of him

that he was so prodigiously exact, that, for experiment's sake, he built an edifice of great beauty, and seeming strength, but so contrived as to bear only its own weight,—so that it fell with no other pressure than the settling of a *Wren*! But such was Nestor's modesty, that his art and skill were soon disregarded, for want of that manner with which men of the world support and assert the merit of their own performances: and for want of that natural freedom and audacity, necessary in the commerce of life, his personal modesty overthrew all his public actions.”—*Parentalia*, p. 341.

In the works of Jones we see the beautiful and specious, the sensual beauty of the tasteful artist, but no mathematics, no sublime combinations of structure, but generous, and free, and highly ornamental, we discover the director of the masques of the splendid court of the Stuarts,—the “*Marquis Would-be*.”

In Vanbrugh we have the dramatist throughout; his theatre and scenery are everywhere, imposing with a pompous grandiose, the spectator is at first captivated, till he peeps behind the scene, and the illusion vanishes.

In short, it is plain that the architect must have moral as well as intellectual qualities, to acquire himself duly of the high charge intrusted to him; and no argument can more effectually convince the student, that in ordering his studies he must first order his own character and conduct; and that nothing can come from him of great and noble, unless from a pure fountain and a well-regulated stream. We must endeavour to sustain that rank in society which both sacred and classical antiquity have assigned to the architect (see *Isaiah*, c. iii. v. 1, 2, 3; and *Cic. Off.* p. 42.)

But an important principle in the æsthetical as well as in the real ends and purposes of our art is solidity, the result of equilibrium between the forces of gravity. Nothing can be beautiful which is not strong, or is not adequately strong for its purpose. The impression of duration is indispensable to that satisfaction and repose which the mind seeks in a well-ordered work of Architecture. According to the simple notions of the ancients, it was the essence of the grandiose and beautiful. The Temple of the Eternal was to breathe the spirit of Eternity—strong in its entire structure, it was to be strong also in its component parts, its “great stones.” Energy, mental and physical, and stability, were the expressions most desired in Architecture; voids were to be above voids, solids above solids; the area even of the supports, and the incumbent weight (orthographically considered) in most instances of the finest temples are, or approach to, equality.

To this end the whole composition of the edifice was pyramidal, the sides being inclined (as has already been observed) in every style of architecture known to us. The quoins and piers of the angles which inclose the work are larger than those towards the centre; and we may be sure that the expression of strength and duration given to a building is often of itself sufficient for beauty, without other adventitious ornament; as we may also be certain that the want of this quality cannot be repaired by any expedient which the architect may apply. In fact, the qualities of solidity and equipoise impose on the understanding the same awe and conviction with reason, justice, and truth; as inspiring that security, stability, and peace, without which all is flimsy conceit and vain ambition.

But this rational propensity is sometimes in jeopardy from the love of the marvellous and the exhibition of skill in the artificer, from whom, while we deprecate the hazard, we cannot withhold our applause; and if assured, either by the nature of the material or the quality of the structure, of the security the mind demands, we are easily reconciled to the wonder. But this temptation is often a severe trial to the ambitious architect; and without a sober taste, chastened by modesty and reason, it may be often more than he can resist.

We delight in the suspended arch of a bridge or in the enormous vault which covers the Pantheon, or the Baths of Caracalla, or the Temple of Peace. We are reconciled to those of the Gothic cathedral, so long as their stone props or buttresses continue to perform their duty. Not so in the grove at the east end of Salisbury Cathedral, which, like the banyan tree, seems to be composed of pendants from the roof, in different dimensions, rather than columns to support

it; beautiful, indeed, but so fragile that the blow of a stick or the movement of an awkward visitor would put the whole fabric in peril. If, instead of a friable stone or marble, these shafts were made of brass, the mind would relapse into that security which is ever the first requirement of our art.

The love of the marvellous is dangerous; exaggeration is the first sign of a mind indifferent to the value, and beauty, and sufficiency of truth, and the surest sign of depravation of judgment. Truth must ever be the best foundation of taste, and can alone be constant and enduring.

Rien n'est beau que le vrai; le vrai seul est aimable!  
Il doit regner partout, et même dans la Fable.  
De toute fiction, l'adroite fausseté,  
Ne tend qu'à faire aux yeux briller la vérité.

*Boileau*, Ep. ix., v. 43.

The Egyptian, the Roman, and sometimes the Greek, indulged in the gigantic, with a view to the expression of a prodigious energy. But the Middle Ages were prone to the marvellous, surprise was the great scope of the Gothic architect. *Æsthetics* were not, indeed, likely to have been studied under the education to which the mind at that time had access. Miracles infatuated the understanding; superstition was the foundation; a dominant hierarchy was little communicative of the lights of science it possessed. The poetical vein received its chief aliment from the East; our scholars brought home from Cordova the Arabian taste for excess and hyperbole. The chastening counsel of a Locke, a Newton, or a Bacon, were wanting to regulate that exuberant and uncultured fancy, and that enterprising skill which the practical experiments in building promoted at so much cost and zeal in those ages.

The two styles of building, till the fifteenth century, were termed *more Romano*, in semi-circular arches, which followed the old basilica model of St. Peter's and St. Paul's, and *more Germano*, in which the pointed arch was employed after the thirteenth century; it was in the latter taste that the greatest works were executed.

However great and admirable, in many respects, the specimens which have been left us by those able practitioners, it is not believed by the most competent judges that theoretical science was cultivated to any extent. From Cesare Cesariano, the architect of Milan cathedral, and one of the earliest translators of Vitruvius, doubtless one of the most learned architects of his day (1524), we may learn something of the principles which guided the Middle Ages, which were full of the mystical terms of the pseudo-science of the Freemasons. They consisted of a series of triangles or pyramids, no doubt in allusion to the triune, which guided the plan, elevation, and section; see *D'Agencourt's Architecture*, plate 46, in which the sections of Milan and Bologna cathedrals illustrate those doctrines. The minister at Bath appears to have been built after this theory (1503) by Dr. Oliver King, who was a skilful architect and politician, and had been employed in France to conclude a peace with Charles VIII., and who, therefore, would be acquainted with the most approved art of that day on the continent.

The Middle Age church was wholly founded on superstitious associations. According to *more Romano*, it was enough that the plan described the cross, the universal symbol, “in hoc vince.” But according to *more Germano*, the Saviour himself was to be figured; the choir, therefore, was inclined to the south, to signify, that “he bowed his head and gave up the ghost,” John, c. xx, v. 30; and there are few cathedrals in which this deflection is not remarkable. The nave represents the body, and the side, which “one of the soldiers pierced,” (John, xix. 34), considered to be the south as the region of the heart, is occupied at Wells by a chantry, at Winchester with the chapel of William of Wyckham, and is constantly the pulpit from which the faithful were reminded “to look on him whom they have pierced,” Zech. xii. 10: who “was wounded for our transgressions,” *Isa.* liii. 5. For the same reason the south was considered the most holy: the Old Testament was represented on that side, while the New Testament, and the local or national Hagiology, was placed to the north. The same superstition still gives value to the south side of the churchyard for burial. At the head of the cross was the chapel of the Virgin, at the Fountain of Intercession with her son. At the foot, the west end, was the “*Parvis*,” supposed by

some to be a corruption of "Paradis," that happy station from which the devout might contemplate the glory of the fabric, which was chiefly illustrated in this front and from whence they might scan the great sculptured picture, the calendar for unlearned men, as illustrative of Christian doctrine and of the temporal history of the church under its princes and its prelates. Three great niches leading into the church, the centre one often above forty feet wide, were adorned with the statues of the apostles and holy men, who "marshal us the way that we should go;" in front the genealogy of Christ, the Final Judgment, the History of the Patriarchs, &c.

The details, indeed, display the degraded state of the Fine Arts, and of course, of the artists themselves, in the quaintness and disproportion of the sculpture. But extending our indulgence to the performers, regarded in illiberal times only as workmen, we shall admire their native genius, struggling with their moral condition, often on the verge of dignity and grace in execution, and in point of conception frequently reaching an elevation altogether original. It must be confessed, that the continental churches, especially those of Amiens, Rheims, and Paris, surpass the magnificence of our own cathedrals, both in the extent of plan by their double aisles, as well as by their height. But it may be questioned whether a more complete and correct picture of Christian doctrine and dispensation, and Christian history, is to be found anywhere than in Wells Cathedral.

But the same want of cultivated judgment, which is apparent in the æsthetic of the arts of the Middle Ages, is traced also in the imperfection of their Statics and stereotomy, in which again solidity is sacrificed to superstition. The indispensable figure of the cross is a striking example. The arches of the nave, in the northern basilica, found their abutment abundantly in the western termination, which was commonly fortified by prominent buttresses (called by the early commentators of Vitruvius, *tetra-style*, or *hexa-style*, according to their number); but at their eastern termination, towards the lofty pillar of the transept, no such abutment existed. And though the pointed arch was eminently calculated to obviate lateral pressure, yet the smallest failure of foundation or superstructure, threw so much weight against these pillars as to occasion them to bend. To counteract this, and secure their stability, the principle of that age, of "*pondus addit robur*," namely, the weighting the pillars of the transept with a tower or spire, was resorted to very commonly; but this often increasing the evil, the last disfiguring remedy, the construction of a reversed arch between them, was employed.

Similar criticisms apply to all parts of the middle age Architecture, mixed, however, with redeeming excellencies of peculiar skill hitherto unsurpassed.—See sections 1 to 8 of Wren's surveys, in the "Parentalia," 264 to 309.

The fifth of those principles of Vitruvius, which the Professor had attempted to illustrate, was Decor, usually considered to refer to that important part of Architecture, ornament; but our author rather appeared to refer to consistency of character, fitness of style and ornament to the Deity, and the purpose or the rank to which the work might be dedicated, quoted in the preceding lecture. But as no part of the art required a nicer judgment, tact, and reasoning than this of character and special physiognomy, so was none more commonly transgressed in many modern buildings; and a stranger might be conducted to some of them, and defied to guess whether he beheld a library or a town hall, a church or a music-room, a theatre, a prison, a brewhouse, or a floor-cloth manufactory, a gentleman's mansion or a union workhouse.

Appropriateness and fitness of character is the special recommendation of all the great critics, from Aristotle to Pope. If, says Horace, to a horse's neck a human head is joined, or a female head and breast should terminate in a fish, you will despise the painter; or if upon the stage you exhibit the graces and the levities of youth, hushed up with the manly strength of middle life or the rigour of old age, the audience would yawn, and at length overwhelm you with indignant hisses. It is, in fact, the significance and appropriateness resulting from the coincidence of use and beauty, the one the explanation and plain result of the other, which we adore in the works of

Nature, and which the great artists have best known how to imitate in theirs.

Sir C. Wren remarks on the Temple of Peace.—"It was not therefore unskillfulness in the architect, that made him choose this flat kind of aspect for his temple; it was his wit and judgment. Each deity had a peculiar gesture, face, and dress hieroglyphically proper to it; as their stories were but morals involved; and not only their altars and sacrifices were mystical, but the very forms of their temples. No language, no poetry can so describe Peace, and the effects of it in men's minds, as the design of this temple naturally paints it, without any affectation of the allegory. It is easy of access, and open; carries an humble front, but embraces wide; is luminous and pleasant, and content with an internal greatness, despises an invidious appearance of all that height it might otherwise boast of; but rather, fortifying itself on every side, rests secure on a square and ample basis." On the Temple of War, he says, "As studiously as the aspect of the Temple of Peace was contrived in allusion to Peace and its attributes, so is this of Mars appropriated to War: a strong and stately temple shows itself forward; and that it might not lose any of its bulk, a vast wall of near 100 feet high is placed behind it; (because, as Vitruvius notes, things appear less in the open air); and though it be a single wall, erected chiefly to add glory to the fabric, and to muster up at once a terrible front of trophies and statues, which stand here in double ranks, yet an ingenious use is made of it, to obscure two irregular entrances," &c.

The German Moller, who is as true and as accomplished an artist as any of modern times, on this point says, "On comparing the elevation of the Merchants' Guildhouse, at Mentz, with the church of Oppenheim, which was finished in the same year, we see how anxious the ancients were, and how well they contrived to impart to every building its peculiar character. Just as the merit of historical painting, and of every art of design, (without which all the rest is valueless,) consists in the importance and peculiarity of its character; so they are principal requisites in buildings, whenever the latter lay claim to the appellation of works of art. In the church at Oppenheim, all the parts are lightly towering up, so that the eye of the spectator in the interior is involuntarily raised, and the elevated richly ornamented windows, and slender aspiring pillars, promise from the outside already a beautiful and sublime interior. But in the Merchants' Guildhouse, the whole exterior announces at once an object very different from that of a church. The few and small windows are easily closed against fire and robbers; and their battlements again, with their projecting canopies and angular enrichments, clearly shew that the destination of the building is to preserve and to protect. And in the same way as the main forms correspond with the object of the structure, so likewise do the ingeniously designed ornaments. On the pinnacles or battlements are the figures of the emperors and electors in full armour. The emperor, who, at that time in alliance with the electors, had confirmed the commercial union of the cities on the Rhine, and taken them under his protection, appears with them here, as the guardian and bulwark of the house. In the midst of the princes, is the figure of St. Martin, the patron of the city, dividing his cloak with his sword, to give it to the poor. Thus, the leading forms announce the destination and solidity of the building; the figures of the princes, the protection it enjoys; St. Martin, that beneficence which ought to be the attendant of wealth; and the Virgin Mary with the infant Jesus, over the entrance, the higher safeguard which the Divinity grants only to the just." Thus says the accomplished Moller.

It is a fine observation of Aristotle, that "a noble building without ornament is like a healthy man in indigence." Competence, if not wealth, must be added for the accomplishment of his happiness.

The sculptor's art affords the noblest ornaments to the architect. By his aid, the expression which he has been labouring to give by other associations, and which before was mute, or scarcely audible, becomes *parlant*. Sculpture may be called the voice of Architecture. Unhappily a Protestant country, with the holy fear of image-worship, discourages this generous and most essential art; and perhaps the

want of character complained of in Architecture may be mainly attributed to this proscription.

But the carver and the decorator are highly serviceable to the architect, not only as multiplying images for the delight of the eye and the explanation of the subject, but as greatly magnifying the scale of the whole by these means, and giving value and distinction to the plainer features. Our mistress Nature is prodigal in ornament, and the expression of every animal and vegetable is increased by a texture of endless detail spread over the whole surface of her works.

Finally, Distributio, the *oikonomia* of the Greeks, the sixth principle, is explained by Vitruvius, *drily*, as economy in the use and cost of materials; but doubtless, the great masters from whom he borrowed, considered economy, in the larger sense, as the adjustment of means to the end; as the wise and fine thought, contrivance, and supply, of all the requirements and appliances of the building art; in which the highest intelligence is displayed; such, indeed, as by that figure of speech which designates great subjects by small titles, applies to the *Creator* himself that of the Great Architect.

The diligent observer of architectural works will find the greatest strength combined with the least material, beauty united with use, and resulting from it, exact equilibrium, provisions for the accidents of time and climate, selection of materials best adapted, in short, a prescience of every want and consideration: throughout the contrivance admiration almost sublime is occasioned; we feel that the work has, as it were, been self-created by the influences and the wisdom of Nature, and as if the Architect had only followed her instructions. "I am not," says the heifer of Myron, "the work of Myron—he only delivered me from the marble" in which I was inclosed.

Having thus reviewed the theoretical rules handed down by Vitruvius from the Greeks, as far as the limits and means permitted, the Professor proceeded to offer some observations to the students, with reference to their future advancement, which it was the object of these lectures, and the ardent wish of the members of the Academy to promote.

First, with respect to drawing, which was the very language of the art, it was extremely important that the distinction between the painter and the architect should be clearly understood. He deprecated the vain ambition of making pretty drawings, especially on a small scale, as effeminate and unimportant; as also of pretensions to aerial perspective, which was a separate art. Much time was commonly occupied in this captivating study, which was wholly irrelevant, and at the expense of that valuable time which should be employed in the more essential accomplishments of the art and science. It might, indeed, improve the hand, but not the head; of which the architect had so much need. Drawing after the manner of painters had undoubtedly been an abuse and misdirection.

The orthographic drawing or elevation was conventional: it represented the proposed building from an immeasurable distance—the object being to define those proportions and profiles which constitute the merit of the work—such lights and shades as should more clearly display these forms, and show their relief where necessary; but whatever disturbed these paramount objects, as colour, or such cast shades as might confuse the profiles and pretend to illusion, were impertinent.

Perspective, in the most accurate delineation, was, indeed, a most desirable accomplishment, but it should be wholly linear, assisted with one tone, or two at most. Sciography should be used with great reserve, since the harsh outlines of cast shades were apt to disturb the form and outline; and the finest architectural perspectives, those of Pozzo especially, left them softened and undefined on this account. It was certain that such had been the practice of the great Italian masters, specimens of which, by the hands of Sansovino (the front of Sta. Maria, at Florence, in the possession of Mr. Woodburn), of Michael Angelo, Raphael, and others, and especially the designs for Whitehall, by Inigo Jones, the Professor had exhibited in a former course. Exquisite perspective, proportion, and profile were more scientific, difficult, and much more profitable to the student. The coloured picturesque was a pandering to a depraved taste, and it was a duty to inform the public on this



head, and lead them to the appreciation of the true intent of architectural delineation. The draftsman should be habituated to a large scale, and a manly drawing of profile and detail, such as a builder would comprehend and work from. The Professor exhibited a specimen of the architectural drawing of the actual school in Paris, which, though not wholly to be approved, as being rather too minute and elaborate in effect, still showed a more careful attention to outline, and a better system than used by ourselves.

The architectural room in the annual exhibition was at great disadvantage in the neighbourhood of the splendours of the sister art; the vain attempt at vying with her productions in architectural drawings, had both corrupted our style and exposed the utter futility of the attempt. The true course would be a closer adherence to the province of the architect in a more correct delineation of profile and proportion, and in the most accurate linear perspective; a tasteful employment of these resources would probably more effectually uphold the interest of that room than any other means that could be devised.

Constant observation and travel were essential to the architect; but the interesting objects of our own country should be seen before those of others. Much time was often lost in foreign travel by misdirection and the dangerous novelty of the student's position.

In examining architectural works, the student should bear in mind an important rule of criticism, which was, to account in precise terms, for the motives of approbation or dislike which he might experience. By applying a just expression on all occasions, he would soon cease to take one thing for another—the beautiful for the sublime—quantity for quality—cost for magnificence—and either of these for proportion or fitness—ornament for art. He would learn to apply characteristic terms to every gradation, quality, and style: and so, by degrees, he would form a just and discriminating taste.

In an art and science essentially referable to association, this discrimination was peculiarly necessary: the emotions arising from sight, like those from music, would often be found irrespective of the intrinsic merit of the performance, as loyalty in hearing 'God Save the Queen,' union and patriotism in the 'Marseillaise.' Often patriotic, historical, and romantic associations will blind us to forms and styles, otherwise both unfit and unworthy our age; often quantity, extent, and quality of material would impose that approbation which ought only to be accorded to elegant and just proportions; elaboration would often usurp the praise which was due only to a well-ordered work.

To hide by ornament the want of art, should not deceive the experienced critic; and the painter "who would make his Venus *fine*, not knowing how to make her *beautiful*," would be ranked as he deserved. The discernment of merits rather than defects will be found more difficult, and much more profitable, because those we shall appropriate, while the latter are only to be rejected. Such a habit will exercise the better qualities of the mind, and lead to originality. The works of men who have long enjoyed reputation, should be the peculiar objects of our critical examination; they will seldom be found frauds; the inquiry will commonly justify their fame, and like the conversations of original inventors, they will reveal secrets which can else hardly be discovered. The antiquary should be distinguished from the architect, and he should be careful to separate the available experience, from research into the curious and obsolete.

The student was recommended especially to cultivate that many independence of mind which became a thinker, and the leader of an art; he should have a settled distrust of fashion; although he would find himself sometimes constrained in some measure to bend to it. Those "who live to please, must please to live;" he should, however, courageously but respectfully remonstrate.

There were two rocks, which the art was expressly liable to: the first was the presumption of absolute novelty; the second, the indolent and servile imitation of former styles. The latter was the peculiar vice of these times throughout all the civilized countries of Europe. Grecian, Gothic, Byzantine, Italian, Revival, French, were indifferently employed. There was no attempt at a style which should express to future ages the century in which we live; and pos-

terity will be at a loss to recognize in the buildings of our day, that character which a country great and glorious at the present period, the bulwark of civilization, the arbiter of the world, and the great exemplar of political government, morals, and useful science, should impress upon its architectural productions. Shall it be said that this great people, original and free in other respects, adapting and expanding itself in an unexampled manner to times and improvements, was stationary, or rather retrograde, in the arts alone? That though science and capital and mechanical skill were daily furnishing new engines for our art, with prodigality, that our invention alone in these walks of genius was at a stand? that our skill as artists was the only deficiency in the march of our age? That they crudely adapted the models of ancient Greece to modern London, the sunny palaces of Italy to the foggy atmosphere of England: the niched and canopied architecture of a religion peopled with images of saints and martyrs, sibyls, angels, and holy men, to a Protestant religion, which, admitting none of these, must leave the niches and the canopies *tenantless*: like well-gilt frames adorning an apartment, the pictures being omitted: the pride and pomp of heraldry, armorial shields and crests, to an age in which chivalry was exploded, and quarterings had dwindled to insignificance? What should we say of Harry the Sixth, if, instead of that admirable and most original chapel of King's College, at Cambridge, he had limited his artists to the style of the Conqueror, or any other imitation; or if Henry the Seventh had concluded on carrying on the style of the cathedral of Henry the Third, and so on, saving all further trouble of invention and criticism, should we not condemn their poverty of spirit and negation of mind? Would not the historian, the artist, and the tasteful observer, have to deplore the absence of that internal evidence and hieroglyphic character of the times, which adds such a relish to the architectural remains of our fair and beloved country?

But let us suppose that either of these monarchs had been enlightened by the art of a Raphael or a Michael Angelo, or by the sculptures of a Phidias, which he might even affect to appreciate and to be proud of; and that we should learn by historical record that he had said,—"We are so anxious to carry out the style of former days that we shall shut our eyes to those excellencies of sculpture and of fine art, and force our artists to copy the obscenities and senseless carvings of those barbarous times; simply that we may carry out the imitation of the style in all respects."

Restoration, indeed, is a different consideration, and the happiest result of this taste is, that we restate, for centuries to come, those venerable antiquities to which we have so many reasons of attachment. The restoration of the Palace at Westminster may find under this consideration a sufficient apology. But for works altogether new such a system of imitation is not reconcilable with our pretensions to genius and enlightenment; and it does appear that there is in it a vice of mind or of industry for which posterity will visit us. Such an indifference as to choice of styles indicates, in fact, an absence of culture and perception of the really fit, and beautiful, and great,—a state of mind which, in religion, politics, or morals, would be accounted fatal to improvement, and the sure forerunner of every heresy. D'Agencourt attributes to this spirit of imitation under the Emperor Hadrian the decline of taste in Rome.

The learned in Paris deplore it not only under this apprehension, but as the imposition of anachronisms on posterity, and as the falsification of the pages of history, in its most interesting and characteristic traits. "Have we not," as says Isaiah, "a lie in our right hand?"

It is very important that the merits of that question should be debated in a candid spirit, and that the true grounds of a style should be investigated by the rules of sound criticism; as how far Architecture has ever been and should be the picture in which all the discoveries of mechanics, of materials and of industry, are to be exhibited and recorded; and whether the successive changes of style have not been chiefly owing to the progressive discoveries and improvements on workmanship, materials, and convenience. How far the combinations of this art are capable of displaying the intellectual character of an age and

people, and what should be the just bounds and limits of association, authority, and imitation.

Finally, let us never forget the pregnant saying of the great Schiller:—

The artist is the son of his time;  
Happy for him if he is not its pupil;  
And happier still if not its favourite.

In conclusion, the Professor expressed the gratification he had felt in the attention paid by the students to this course of lectures; not as it reflected upon himself personally, but as it gave the strongest possible evidence of the ardour and assiduity with which they pursued their studies: for he could with great sincerity assure them that, amongst the achievements of a very long period of singleness and devotion to his profession, he should consider that the most glorious, which had contributed to the instruction, and warmed the enthusiasm of those rising talents destined perhaps in future times to adorn and illustrate our country.

# FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

The Pyramids, Gizeh, Jan. 19, 1843.

WE are now about to leave this place for Saccara and Dashour. Dr. Lepsius little imagined, when we arrived here on the 9th of November, that we should find so many interesting monuments yet undescribed; or that the expedition would find full employment in this place for so long a time. If you look over Sir Gardner Wilkinson's large map, you will notice a crowd of smaller monuments surrounding the Pyramids; of these, parts of one or two have been published—but the great mass of them being almost covered and filled with sand, we could not examine before our excavators had cleared them out. I am glad to say, that this labour has been well repaid; for Dr. Lepsius has found a great number of chambers covered with figures and inscriptions mostly in good preservation; in some of them, even the colours remain in perfect condition. All of them have been carefully drawn, and casts and paper impressions have been taken of the most interesting parts. Dr. Lepsius has thus collected a large mass of interesting materials—illustrating the very earliest known period of history—for he finds, from the inscriptions in these tombs, that they were built about the time of the Pyramids which they surround. For this reason, the Doctor has made so long and careful an examination. These records are of the utmost value in his historical researches; and there are very few examples of this early time remaining, excepting in this neighbourhood. The Egyptian works hitherto published of the buildings at Thebes and elsewhere, mostly belong to a much later period.

It is difficult to give any idea of a building, without the help of drawings, but I will attempt a general description of one of the many monuments, built on the plane of rock, west of the great and north of the second Pyramid. All these monuments differ in many respects, but generally the ground-plan is an oblong parallelogram, whose longest sides are the east and west. Externally, the walls incline considerably inwards—they are built of the stone of the rock upon which they stand, a calcareous stone full of fossils and cavities, the blocks very large and well fitted together. The exterior is quite plain, without any ornamental architectural feature, excepting the door; the lintel of which is sometimes, but not always, covered with hieroglyphics.

We will suppose the oblong ground-plan divided into two unequal parts, by a line drawn from north to south—of these the greater is on the west side—and this part of the building is solid, only perforated by one or more pits now open at the top, and which descend through the masonry of the building to a considerable depth in the rock below—out of these pits, near to the bottom, are little chambers cut in the rock, in which the dead were placed. These chambers are rudely finished, without any ornament or inscription. They have been all entered before, probably by the Arabs in former times, when they broke into the Pyramids in search of treasure. There may have been mummies in them, with rich cases and ornaments, but now we find nothing but human bones scattered about. The other division of the ground-plan, on the east side, is occupied with one, two, or more narrow chambers, the ceilings of which are large single stones, resting at each end on the walls, excepting where the chambers are divided by square pillars,

when one end of the ceiling-stone rests on the wall, and the other on the architrave supported by the pillars. The entrance door is nearly always placed on the east side. It is in these chambers dimly lighted by small windows cut through the thick wall, that we find the walls covered with inscriptions and figures beautifully executed, representing the deceased, his wife, and other relations, his pursuits in life, and his riches and estate. There are, besides, many architectural ornaments, false narrow doors and recesses, impossible to describe without drawings.

The tombs at the east side of the Pyramids, of the same style and date, resemble in their arrangement those just described, excepting that as they are entirely excavated in the solid rock, they have no external elevation but on the east front, where a place is cut for the door.

Dr. Lepsius finds also a great number of tombs of the comparatively modern time of the Ptolemaic dynasty. Of these, some situated on the rock to the south-east of the third Pyramid, are particularly interesting. They consist of one or more chambers cut out of the rock, in the furthest of which, from the entrance, is the square deep pit. The ceiling of these chambers is near to the surface of the rock, and between them and the external door is an ante-chamber, the walls of which are also formed in the rock, but the ceiling is a semi-cylindrical vault, built very carelessly, but with the arch-stones of the proper wedge shape. No figures or inscriptions have been found in these tombs—probably, if there were any, they were only painted on the plastered walls.

I have attempted to describe some of the objects of our labours—I must now tell you a little of the mode of our proceedings. Nothing can be more quiet and regular. We rise now a little before the sun, and as it is then rather cold, we are all glad to meet at our hot breakfast of coffee, milk, and bread. Remember, I pray you, that our coffee does not mean a brown warm wash, but aromatic Mocha, freshly roasted. After breakfast, those who are likely to be out all day take with them their luncheon of bread and cheese and dates. Three of the society are always engaged in copying figures and inscriptions. Two of them, Prussian artists, execute this kind of drawing (which requires much practice) with the greatest fidelity and beauty, having been accustomed to it long before their arrival here, in drawing the plates for Dr. Lepsius's works on Egyptian antiquities. Our friend Mr. Bonomi is the third; and you know both his skill and the great interest he takes in the subject upon which he has been so long engaged. We have also a very skilful German artist, sometimes engaged in this service, but oftener in taking views; he is now painting a panoramic picture of the whole plain, from the top of the second Pyramid. The architect attached to the expedition has been chiefly employed in enlarging and filling up a map of the Pyramids, with the tombs surrounding them: and in taking plans, with sections, &c. of the different monuments—in this last occupation I have been glad to assist. We have too a general assistant or factotum, a very clever merry fellow—who makes the plaster casts—does the carpentry—orders the removing of stones—sings very well—and, as I hear, makes excellent jokes; the laugh that follows them I can translate—the German not yet.

Our chief, Dr. Lepsius, is always indefatigably active: either writing in his tent, or desperately riding about on his donkey over the loose fields of broken stones, directing all our operations, and making his own observations. We have all had very good health, with slight exceptions.

On the 9th of December we had a fresh arrival, long expected—Mr. Abeker, whose name will be known to many Englishmen from his former position at Rome.

I have described our occupations, and thus regularly do we go on. We have our holidays, however, and keep them with no little difference. Thus, on Christmas-eve, a large bonfire was lighted on the top of the Great Pyramid, and we had a feast, crowned with a bowl, no! a huge tin soup tureen of mulled claret. This I prepared with great praise, although without cinnamon. We drank it with patriotic toasts and sentiments of good fellowship, and songs, with choruses. On the evening of Christmas-day we were invited by the Doctor to a repast in the king's chamber of the Great Pyramid. We found that a

young palm tree had been placed in it, from the branches of which were suspended numbers of wax candles, illuminating the room, and strings of dates, and figs, and raisins. We had to find the present prepared for each of us among a number of silk purses, to each of which was attached a silver seal, with the name of the owner engraved on it in Arabic characters. I seal this letter with mine. We then took our dates and figs with some excellent hock, and after a few healths had been drank, and the national anthem sung, we left the tomb with each a branch of the palm tree to place in our tent.

The new year was ushered in with like rejoicings; but we had a large fire on each of the three Pyramids. If you knew the great difficulty of ascending to the top of the second Pyramid, you would then know that this bonfire was no slight achievement.

It is now delightful weather. I am sitting, very lightly clad, with my tent half open; the sun shining warmly on the hills of sand, and on the bright green fields between us and the Nile. You, I suppose, shuddered, when you rose this morning, to think of the hoar frost on your chamber-window panes, or of the almost as cold fresh-lit fire in the library. But let me not boast. Through nearly all the month of December we were troubled with violent cold winds from the south-east. Our tents have been blown down three times, and in imminent danger often. It requires use to sleep calmly, with the sides of your tent flapping about, the ends creaking, and disputing with the pole in the middle how long they can stand it. If they are not all of one opinion down comes the pole. On some days the clouds of rain have been so thick, and it has been so cold, that little work could be done, and we were glad to wrap ourselves up in our capotes and seek the shelter of the nearest tomb. Now, I hope the time for this weather has blown by, and that I shall have to describe no more of it. Yours, &c. JAMES W. WILD.

Berlin, 2nd February.

I am just returned, in rather a pagan mood, from witnessing the first performance this winter of the 'Antigone,' and as I do not remember to have seen an account of it from any of your English correspondents, I think you may be willing to accept such an one as an unlearned person can give. I feel how impossible it is to convey any idea of the general effect it produced upon me. So far from finding it tiresome, as I have heard people call it, I found the interest of the portentous story powerful from the first, and ever rising to the awful close. I never came away from any drama more exhausted with attention and emotion. From the first appearance of the curse-laden and heroic Antigone to the last death-wail of the tyrant, stricken in the midst of his cruelty and arrogance by the never-sleeping vengeance of Zeus, all is grand, tragic, divine! yet how simple, how unconstrained and unadorned, how human, are the emotions and the passions! witness Creon's cries over his son. How entirely tragical, how death-devoted does Antigone stand before us from the first! How do we foresee and desire for her the narrow house in which she is to repose from her long wanderings with her wretched father, and her last pious and heroic duties to his wretched son! How, on the other hand, do we see the wrath of the outraged gods gathering in a black storm round the head of the arrogant tyrant! How ominous is the sudden exit of Hæmon! How woe-denouncing the speech of Tiresias! Never, as it seems to me, can pity and terror be more strongly excited.

But to the mechanism. You know, probably, that the chorus occupies the space usually occupied by the orchestra, which is placed on either side, separated by white draperies, which are unobtrusive, and serve only to bound the proscenium. In the centre of this is an altar decorated with garlands. On the steps of the altar lie offerings of fruits. The chorus, of course, enters by the doors at which the musicians usually enter. The curtain never drops. There is no change of scene or division of acts. The chorus is always present. The actors appeared to me all very much below their parts: and how can it be otherwise? Madame Crelinger has evidently great stage practice: her attitudes were often admirable; especially in repose, and she rose towards the conclusion; but there was a great deal wanting—and I can hardly say what—to make her the doomed and

o'erworn daughter of a god-like and royal line—the submissive and yet dauntless servant of the gods—the being exalted by the awful distinction of a curse which the gods bestow not on the meaner herd. Of the chorus it is difficult to say too much. If at some moments the singing was not perfect, on the other hand, the expression was sustained, noble, decorous—well calculated to preserve the effect of the mighty and awful fable. The *mise en scène* I shall not attempt to describe. It must be seen. I had read abundance of descriptions, but had no clear idea of it. There are moments, for instance, in the hymn to Bacchus, where the chorus encircles the altar, uplifting their thyrsuses and wreaths, and singing to Iacchus, when the whole significance of the Greek drama as a religious act, comes over one with overpowering force and solemnity.

There exist great differences of opinion about the music. I confess it struck me as a wonderful effort of skill and genius, considering what the task is. The composer has every difficulty to contend with. It must be solemn and religious; yet it must not in the least resemble church music. If once Christian associations are called up, there is an end of the unity of the piece. Secondly, the Greeks knew nothing, it appears, of harmony; yet how could we endure men's voices singing a whole evening in unison? Thirdly, it would be impossible to produce instrumental music that we could listen to with the instruments known to the Greeks. Considering all this, and how conjectural, at best, the music must be, it seemed to me as appropriate and expressive as it could be made. It might perhaps be better were the music altogether more subordinate. It ought never to appear as anything more than a means of binding and harmonizing the utterance of many voices: above all, never to overpower them. Perhaps a mere cantilena, or chant, would be, on the whole, better: but then the difficulty recurs of avoiding all resemblance to church music.

There is a talk of getting up the 'Œdipus' or the 'Medea.' If this is realized, other composers may try whether they can find any way of solving the problem.

That the choruses must be sung, and not said, nobody will doubt, who has heard 'The Bride of Messina' as usually acted. The confusion of tongues spoils even those noble and musical verses.

The audience was extremely numerous and attentive. Spite of the continued stretch on the attention, I saw and heard no symptoms of restlessness. Altogether it was one of the most favourable views I have had of Berlin. Perhaps no other capital in Europe could produce so scholar-like and artistic a performance of the sublime drama of antiquity, nor so interested an audience.

It has been universally believed that the Greek tragedies would not do to act—would be dull—would fly over people's heads, and so on. It is clear that this is a mistake. I had read Antigone in this translation more than once, and had heard Tieck read it—certainly the next best thing to scenic representation—but imperfect as the acting was, the vast dramatic force of the work was brought out by it. The chaste, severe, and unchanging scenery—the disposition of the persons—the groups—for example, Antigone embracing the altar as she goes to death, the chorus standing round, and Creon on the stage above—all this contributed to make Greece and Grecian life anschaulich (perceptible) to a degree I could never have conceived: in short, I came away with the desire to see it again and again and again.

Your scholar-readers will be interested to hear that Boeckh has just completed a translation of Antigone, as I read from himself. Jacob Grimm is preparing a new edition of his 'Deutsche Mythologie,' also a great subject of rejoicing to all who care to see the current of superstition and tradition, which has wound itself through ages and nations, tracked by a master hand. His colossal work, the Dictionary, is advancing at a rate which those may hail with unmixed joy who do not care more for the man than even for his mighty work, and who are not frightened by the possible effect of such application upon his health. I have lately read, in a collection of Hessian biographies, two little bits of autobiography by these illustrious brothers, which I long to send you. It would give the English public some idea of the sweetness, nobleness, and simplicity of these two giants in literature—



of their touching family love—their pure and high affections for nature, country, freedom, humanity; and all so unconsciously revealed: and this is natural, for they could speak no other language. It gives also a touching picture of the best side of German life and character.

I have been to see Rauch's model for the colossal statue of Frederick the Great, which is to be erected at the end of the Linden. It is a master work of attitude, expression, are all that one can desire, even to the exquisite *finesse* of the lines about the mouth. It is interesting to see the *pentimenti* of the sculptor. He tried Frederick without his three-cocked hat, with an oaken wreath, &c., but soon returned to truth and reality. "Unser Fritz" is there, as he lived and moved, and looked and rode: nothing is added but an ermine cloak, which falls gracefully over one shoulder, and takes off the bareness of a buttoned figure. The attitude seems suggested by a little bas-relief by the venerable Schadow, one of the few remaining who remember Frederick.

The recumbent figure of the late king, which is destined to lie by the side of his beloved and beautiful wife, at Charlottenburg, is also a work of great genius. It is a perfect embodying of the lines—

And he lay like a warrior taking his rest,  
With his martial cloak around him.

It is death—but death the twin-brother of sleep. One sees clearly that those eyes will never again unclosethose hands are folded in eternal rest: but there is not the least of the horror of death. Rauch has also executed an exquisite recumbent bust of the Princess of Thurn and Taxis, who, to judge by this, must have surpassed even Queen Louisa in beauty; and a recumbent statue of the third grade of this remarkable trio, the late Queen of Hanover.

Tieck is, I rejoice to see, recovered from his attack. He has not resumed his readings, but his eye is bright and arch, and his conversation lively.

I see you are going to have all Mlle. Bremer's novels in English. I should doubt whether even Mrs. Howitt could make so large a dose of Swedish life palatable. Mlle. Bremer is an admirable scene painter, and a very bad *raconteuse*. There are conversations full of good sense, cleverness, and excellent woman's wisdom and woman's feeling; but she has no power of putting a story together. The stories are partly twaddling, partly violently improbable and romantic, and the latter parts stand out from the *hausbackenes* of the other like tinsel upon a gingham suit. But in these days of mischief, when women are not ashamed to put their names—and decorated names, too—to what women are, or ought to be, as ashamed to read, one is thankful to Mlle. Bremer for something decent and wholesome. Her "Streit und Friede" has some fine descriptions of Norwegian scenery, and interesting traits of Northern manners. There are two other Swedish ladies in the field already.

By the kindness of Dr. Waagen I was admitted yesterday to see the new works of art he has bought for the Museum. A ceiling (on panel) by Paul Veronese—paintings in tempera, by Lucini—a magnificent colossal Descent from the Cross, by Sebastian del Piombo, after a design by Michael Angelo, apparently a part of a picture—are among them. Still more interesting, as it seemed to me, are the remains of sculpture, Greek, Roman, and of the Middle Ages. We were glad to hear that the works of art wrecked on the Welsh coast are saved. It is consolatory to find that England is not the only country that has blundering inefficient consuls. The Prussian consul at Leghorn, to whom these precious cases were committed, first kept them three weeks, so as exactly to hit the equinoctial gales, and secondly, shipped them on board a vessel the captain of which was so notoriously bad a sailor, that the insurance office required an additional premium on his account.

I heard yesterday afternoon a very agreeable and instructive lecture from Professor Zumpt, on the structure of Roman houses. We were all furnished with a little plan from those called of Pansa and of Sallust, at Pompeii; and the explanation was extremely clear and interesting. This was just a subject for a lecture. Generally speaking, I had rather read what people have to say; but a *specialité* like this was exactly fit to be treated in an hour's popular discourse. The Prince of Prussia, Prince and Princess Charles, Prince Augustus and

Princess William, were there; and the large room (the Sing-Academie) was crowded. This is the fourth that has been given, and the third I have heard. On the Statistics of Berlin, by Dr. Diederici; on the Popular Poetry of Bretagne, by Dr. Häring (Wilhelm Alexis); and on the Life of Placius, the Reformer, and disciple of Luther, by Dr. Tevesten, the relation and biographer of Niebuhr. The majority of the audience are, I think, of the female sex; but I saw close around me Boeckh, Rauch, Raumer, Tieck the sculptor, and other mighty men. In speaking of Rauch's studio, I forgot to mention the beautiful little monumental tablet to Niebuhr and his wife—alto-relievo, half length figures—the idea taken from that of Cato and Portia in Rome. Not only is it an exquisite work of art, but as a portrait of Niebuhr invaluable to those who cared for him. A perfect cast of it may be had at the studio for a guinea (seven dollars). Enough for the present.

#### OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

SOME years since, when we began to enlarge the *Athenæum*, by giving, on occasions, an additional sheet, a good-humoured correspondent protested against it; he was accustomed, he said, to read the *Athenæum*, soberly and enjoyingly, after breakfast on a Saturday morning, and then take a quiet walk to digest both, but that before he could get through a double number, dinner was announced. Under present circumstances, then, when an additional sheet seems a matter of course, and is not, it appears, always sufficient, we submit to our breakfast friends that they must be content with some twelve or fifteen columns of a morning. After this temperate fashion the present number will last them a week, and the *Athenæum* will thus serve as a daily literary paper. Seriously, we are somewhat embarrassed by our riches. The Lectures at the Academy have excited so much interest, that we are unwilling to defer their publication, and this day give the first of Mr. Howard's on Painting, as well as the last of the admirable series, by Mr. Cockerell, on Architecture. We have every reason to believe that our reports of these Lectures have given great satisfaction; but in conscience must acknowledge, that no report could do Mr. Cockerell full justice, wanting, as it necessarily must, the many interesting drawings with which he so thoroughly illustrated his subject. The Societies, too, are just now in full activity; and the arrival of a letter from Egypt, giving an account of the labours of Dr. Lepsius and his party, and another from Berlin, from a friend who was present at the performance of the Antigone, induced us to decide on the somewhat costly expedient of again enlarging our sheet. We consent, however, that the most courteous and devoted of readers shall be at liberty to acknowledge, any time between this and our next publication, that he has not fully and fairly read and digested the whole of this day's paper, for it contains little less than an ordinary octavo volume.

The only remaining portion of the Old City Wall which is in tolerable preservation, is threatened with destruction. A petition for its removal has been presented to the Common Council by the members of the Metropolitan Churches Fund, which it is to be hoped the Common Council will refuse. It is a case for the interference of the Society of Antiquaries, who ought to be the custodes of all national antiquities, until our Government sees fit to create a special institution for the purpose, as the French Government has done. The portion of the City Wall thus threatened is situate at the back of the houses on the eastern side of Trinity Square, and on the northern side of Little George Street, at the back of Postern Row, and forms the western boundary of a piece of vacant ground belonging to the Crown.

Letters from Berlin mention that the King has determined on establishing at the Palace a portrait gallery of the most celebrated scientific and literary men and artists of Germany. The first on whom his Majesty's choice has fallen is M. Schelling, the philosopher, whose portrait is to be executed by M. de Begas, of the Royal Academy of Berlin. The establishment of religious music, attached to the Cathedral of Cologne, under the direction of Dr. Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, is to be shortly inaugurated. The King has ordered that the young men belonging to it shall only perform one year's

military service. The number of pupils is fixed at 100 males and 100 females. He has also revived the Order of the Swan, created by Joachim I., Elector of Brandenburg, in 1440, in honour of the Virgin Mary, as a reward to persons eminent for their Christian virtues. The order was abolished by Joachim II., in 1539, when he embraced the doctrines of Luther. The first person on whom the King has bestowed the Order is the Queen. His Majesty recently placed the image of the Virgin, which is the principal ornament of the Order, round the neck of his royal consort, in presence of the whole Court.

One of the late numbers of the 'Rhine Museum' contains an interesting article by Dr. Gustavus von Eckenbrecher upon the site of the Homeric Ilium. It seems carefully written, and well deserving the attention of all who take an interest in the question. The number of travellers who visit the plains of Troy is yearly increasing; and the sanguine hope soon to see a map of Ilium accompanying the Iliad, equally clear and certain with that of Ithaca for the explanation of the Odyssey. Dr. Eckenbrecher seems to differ from his predecessors in this investigation, in removing Troy from the heights of Bunorbaschi, (on which since the times of Le Chevalier it has been supposed to be situated,) two miles lower on the plain, on the spot which, up to the present time, has been known by the name of New Ilium. A residence of several years in the Levant has afforded the author ample means of observation, which, coupled with his research and accuracy, give value to his testimony.

The *Allgemeine Zeitung* contains an account of the design presented to the Archbishop of Cologne for painting the altar of the cathedral. Mr. Steidle is the artist. It has been found impossible to restore the original paintings: the hand of Time has done its work on them effectually. Steidle proposes to follow the old mystical plan of decoration, in which "cherubim and seraphim continually do cry" over the sacred enclosure, the *σφαιροειδης* of the ancient church. Cherubim flaming with fire, seraphim blue as the sky of Italy, and golden thrones environ the altar, while at either side the archangels and the guardian angel of the church stand as its protectors. The figures of the angels are to be eleven German feet in height! The ground is to be golden, and the panels will be surrounded with a triple arch of gold, red, and blue, the colours long appropriated to this ancient ecclesiastical style.

The Duchess of Parma and Archduchess of Austria, Maria Louisa, has employed the Chevalier Foschi to copy in aquatint, and afterwards to engrave on steel, the frescoes of Correggio in the cathedral and other churches of Parma. There are many frescoes and paintings scattered over Italy which deserve to be thus made known.

It is announced that the librarian of the convent of Sta. Croce has lately discovered a work entitled 'Aponii libri xii. in Canticum Cantorum,' of which six books alone had been previously extant, and these from a very corrupt manuscript; and that in another Italian library a manuscript has been discovered of some previously unknown works of that greatest of the schoolmen, Thomas Aquinas.

Dr. Knorr, professor at the University of Kasan, has lately made a discovery which may lead to important results in the study of the nature of caloric and thermo-electricity. He has discovered a method of copying by means of heat on silver, copper, and steel plates, not prepared as in the daguerreotype and other existing systems. Some of these thermographs were taken in from 8 to 15 seconds; others, by another process, in from 5 to 10 minutes.

The French government has commissioned an artist (M. Louis Auvray) of the town of Valenciennes, the birthplace of the illustrious chronicler, to execute a statue in marble of Froissart, for the Historical Museum of Versailles. The picturesque old writer will be represented, it is said, in his costume of Chanoine of Chimay, with his Chronicle beside him, open at the words "Je suis de la noble et franke ville de Valenciennes."—The Minister of the Interior has just presented to the Royal Library a copy on porcelain, painted in Italy by M. Constantin, of an authentic portrait of Charlemagne, which has been at Rome for centuries.—The play-going public is occupied with a difficulty which has arisen in the way of the rehearsal of Victor Hugo's 'Burgueses,' in consequence of disputes between him and Mlle. Maxime. That actress,

after having been cast for, and studied, a principal character in the new tragedy, was informed that M. Hugo was desirous of taking it from her, and intrusting it to another; and she appealed to the Civil Tribunal of the Seine, to prohibit the performance, and even the rehearsals, without her aid.

## SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

### ASIATIC SOCIETY.

Feb. 11.—Prof. Wilson in the chair.—Part of a paper, containing a review of Hindú Literature, by the Rev. Dr. Stevenson, of Bombay, was read. The portions read related to Brahmanical literature; the remainder, on the Buddhist and Mohammedan writers of India, being reserved for another meeting. The writer professes to give only such a popular notice of the literature of India as may be interesting to an Englishman who has no special connexion with India, or acquaintance with its languages. He divides the subject into four portions: the first is the ancient Brahmanical literature in the Sanscrit language; the second that of the Buddhists and Jains, generally in Pali, which appears to be a modification of Sanscrit; third, the Mohammedan, composed in Persian or Hindustani; and, fourth, the modern literature in the vernacular languages of the country. The Brahmanical literature cannot, like the literature of Europe, be divided into sacred and profane. All the works of antiquity, from the Vedas and Sastras, down to those which teach the mechanical arts, are considered to have been either received directly from the gods, or to have been written by divine aid: such, at least, is the view of the Hindús at the present day. But the Doctor is of opinion that no such pretensions were ever conceived by the authors of these works, now looked upon as divine. He thinks that the idea arose partly from the circumstance that the Hindús often give the names of gods to their children, and that when Panani, for instance, ascribes the invention of a certain technical arrangement of letters to Maheswara, he meant some older grammarian of that name, and not the god, as now universally believed; and partly from the practice of invoking the gods for aid, much in the same way as classical writers, ancient and modern, invoke Apollo and the Muses. The most ancient of Brahmanical works are the Vedas, generally said to be four, but, in reality, only two, the additional ones being merely selections from the others. The simple style, the archaic forms, and obsolete words of the Vedas, are decisive of their antiquity; and it is possible there is not, nor has been, for centuries, an individual in India, capable of a tolerable imitation of them. The Rig Veda, which is chiefly noticed by Dr. Stevenson, is a collection of hymns, some to the deified elements, fire, air, sky, &c., some to heroes and sages, and some intended to be sung during the performance of various kinds of sacrifices. The gods now universally revered in India, are hardly named in the Vedas. Vishnu is mentioned only as the younger brother of Indra, the sky; and Brahma as the originator of the four castes: the name of Siva does not once occur. Several specimens of the hymns of the Vedas are here given by the learned writer, who refers also to Rosen's edition of a portion of the Rig Veda, to Colebrooke's Essays, and to his own translation of the same Veda. The compositions next in importance to the Vedas are the Puranas, which are ancient legends relating to the reproduction of the world, the creation of man, accounts of the early sages and heroes, the establishment of holy places, and religious rites. They are eighteen in number, one of which, the Vishnu Purana, has been translated by Professor Wilson, and will give an idea of the rest. To a Hindú, one Purana alone is holy, namely, that which praises his own favourite god above all others; this alone will he read, or hear read. Much of the matter of the Puranas is absurd and bombastic, but there are found, occasionally, valuable records of antiquity, and some passages of pathos and beauty, which would do honour to the literature of any country. An extract from the Matsya Purana is here introduced, relating the preservation of mankind and all other creatures in a vessel during a universal deluge, in which Dr. Stevenson sees an imitation of the Scripture history. An interesting extract is also given, in which Bharata, the monarch of the earth, who had left wife, children, and kingdom, to embrace a solitary life of penance,

saves a young fawn from death, and becomes tenderly attached to it. The next works reviewed are the Ramayana and the Mahabharata, the two epic poems of India, which are of the same character as the Puranas, notwithstanding which the latter has sometimes been called the fifth Veda. The Ramayana relates the history of Rama, King of Oude, the conqueror of the peninsula of Ceylon. The Mahabharata celebrates the great civil war of India. The Ramayana, and portions of the Mahabharata, have been published in English. The writer then proceeds to the philosophical works of the Hindús, and remarks, that philosophy in India consists of an investigation into the nature of spirit, and an inquiry into the means by which it may be liberated from dependence on matter, and absorbed into the divinity. The two grand divisions of Hindú philosophy into theistic and atheistic, are then described, and their subdivisions; the latter into the direct and implied atheistic doctrines, and the former into the Sankhya and Vedanta systems. Law is the next branch of Brahmanical literature, and one which has, more than any other, attracted the attention of Europeans. Dr. Stevenson says less of this than other branches, from the subject having been sufficiently treated in English works well known to the general reader,—as Colebrooke, Mill, Elphinstone, &c. The Hindú works on medicine, grammar, and the mathematical sciences, are then briefly touched upon. The Hitopadesa, the most ancient specimen of the apologue, is passed over with a slight notice, as being too well known to require further remark. The subject of the Hindú drama is dilated upon more fully. This branch of the subject has been already made known to the English reader by the translations of Jones and Wilson. Extracts were read of expressive passages from the *Hindú theatre* of the latter translation; and the writer concludes with the remark that the Hindú drama "has no superior in the beautiful and pathetic, but comes short in the awful and sublime." This part of the paper concludes with a mention of the modern commentators on the Vedas.

### GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

Feb. 1.—Mr. Murchison, President, in the chair. 1. 'On the Tertiary Strata of the Island of Martha's Vineyard in Massachusetts,' by Mr. Lyell, V.P.G.S. The most northern limit to which the tertiary strata, Atlantic, have been traced in the United States, is in Martha's Vineyard, lat. 41° 20' N., an island about 20 miles in length from E. to W. and about 10 from N. to S., rising to the height of between 200 and 300 feet above the sea. The tertiary strata of this island are, for the most part, deeply buried beneath a mass of drift, in which lie huge erratic blocks of granite and other rocks which appear to have come from the north, probably from the mountains of New Hampshire. They consist of white and green sands, a conglomerate, white, blue, yellow and blood-red clays and black layers of lignite, all inclined at a high angle to the north-east, and in some of their curves quite vertical. They were assigned by Professor Hitchcock, who first called attention to this formation in 1823, to the eocene period, while Dr. Morton supposed them to be in part only tertiary, and that they rested on green sand of cretaceous period. The difficulty of determining the age of these beds has arisen, not from the scantiness of the organic remains, but because the shells are rare and only in the form of casts. Mr. Lyell saw no grounds for concluding that any cretaceous strata occurred in the island, or that any fossils washed out of a cretaceous formation, were present in the tertiary. The lithological character of the beds did not appear to him to warrant the supposition of their being older than the miocene period, and an examination of the fossils led him to the conclusion that the strata of Martha's Vineyard are miocene. The shells procured were casts of *Tellina*, *Cytherea*, and *Mya*, the first allied, at least, to a miocene species. The fishes' teeth resemble species collected by the author in the Faluns of Touraine, and most of them were found by him in miocene strata in Virginia. Remains of two species of crustacea were found. The abundance of cetacean remains militates against the supposition of the beds being eocene; and the skull of a walrus and tooth of a seal, both closely allied to existing species, imply that the formation is not of high antiquity.

2. Mr. J. Hamilton Cooper 'On Fossil Bones found

in digging the New Brunswick Canal in Georgia.' Mr. Cooper prefaces his communication by a description of the country surrounding the locality in which the bones were found. The portion described is that part of the sea coast of Georgia which lies between the Altamaha and Turtle rivers in one direction, and the Atlantic Ocean and the head of tide water on the other. For twenty miles inland the land is low, averaging a height of from 10 to 20 feet, and reaching, in some instances, 40 feet, and consisting of swamps, salt-marshes, sandy land, and clay loam. It then suddenly rises to the height of 70 feet, and runs back west at this elevation about 20 miles, at which point there is a similar elevation of between 60 and 70 feet. The whole of this district is a post-tertiary formation, and is composed of recent alluvium, and a well characterized marine post-pliocene deposit. The recent alluvium is divided into inland-swamp, tide-swamp and salt-marsh. The two last occupy a shallow basin having a depth of about 12 feet, the bottom and sides of which are the post-pliocene formation. This the author divides into 3 groups, in the last of which constituting the elevated sand hills, no organic remains have been found; in the two former marine shells of existing species occur.

The fossil bones of the land mammalia discovered by Mr. Cooper, were found resting on the yellow sand and enveloped in the recent clay alluvium. Their worn state and the grouping together of many bones of the same skeleton, render it highly probable that the carcasses of the animals falling or floating into a former lake or stream, sank to the sandy bottom, and were gradually covered to their present depth by the sedimentary deposits from the water. Among them were remains of the megatherium, *Mastodon giganteum*, mammoth, hippopotamus and horse. The fossil shells found in the post-pliocene, were species at present existing on the neighbouring shores.

The facts narrated by Mr. Cooper lead to the following conclusions: 1st. That the post-pliocene formation extends further south than Maryland, to which it has hitherto been limited. 2nd. The co-existence of the megatherium with the mammoth, mastodon, horse, bison, and hippopotamus. 3rd. That the surface of the country has undergone no sudden or violent change since those animals inhabited it, which is proved by the absence of all traces of diluvial action in the enveloping alluvium or surrounding country. 4th. That whatever changes of temperature may have taken place since that time, fatal to the existence of those mammalia, the identity of the fossil with the existing species of the marine shells of the coast, shows that the temperature of the ocean at a period prior to the existence of the megatherium, the mastodon, and the hippopotamus was such as is congenial to the present marine testacea of Georgia.

3. 'On the geological position of the *Mastodon giganteum*, and associated fossil remains at Bigbone Lick, Kentucky, and other localities in the United States and Canada,' by Mr. Lyell. With a view to ascertain the relation of the soil, in which the bones of the mastodon are found, to the drift or boulder formation, and whether any important geographical or geological changes have taken place since they were imbedded, and what species of shells are associated with them, Mr. Lyell visited a number of places where they had been obtained, and in this paper gives the result of his explorations. At the celebrated locality of Bigbone Lick, in Kentucky, he found that the remains of the mastodon, mammoth, and other extinct quadrupeds, are imbedded in bogs, resting on Silurian strata, covered in places by silt, but not associated with drift. In these bogs are salt springs, and the buffaloes till lately were in the habit of coming in troops to lick the salt, when numbers were mired in the bogs; and their bones are found mingled with those of the extinct quadrupeds. Mr. Lyell considers the latter to have been mired under similar circumstances before the deposition of the silt, and found the shells contemporaneous with them to be of the same species with those of the present day. He holds that no geographical change has taken place in the valley of the Ohio since the mastodon and its companions were mired, and that they may have trodden the same paths which were used by the buffaloes till lately, and by cattle at the present day. At Cincinnati, on the Ohio, teeth of the elephant are found in terraces of



and gravel, on which a few boulders are said to rest. At Niagara remains of the mastodon are found in fluviatile strata, since the deposition of which the falls have receded four miles. The drift between Lakes Erie and Ontario is of much higher antiquity than these strata. At Rochester, about 12 miles S. of Lake Ontario, the mastodon is found in marl below peat, associated with existing species of shells. These beds are posterior to the hills of drift in that locality. At Geneseo the mastodon occurs in a small swamp in a cavity in the boulder formation, with existing species of shells. In Albany and Greene counties, mastodons are found in mould containing existing shells deposited subsequent to the drift, only four or five feet below the surface. The greatest elevation at which the mastodon bones have yet been found in the United States is at Hinsdale, where they occur at a height of 1,500 feet above the sea. On the Atlantic border of the United States marine strata containing the mastodon and other extinct quadrupeds associated with existing shells, have been discovered by Mr. Nuttall in North Carolina. In South Carolina the mastodon was found associated with marine shells in digging the Santee Canal, and in Georgia it is imbedded in fluviatile clay, resting on a quicksand, containing existing marine testacea. From his investigations he concludes—1st. That the extinct animals of Bigbone Lick, and those of the Atlantic border in the Carolinas and in Georgia, belong to the same group, the identical species of mastodon and elephant being in both cases associated with the horse, and while we have the megalonyx at Bigbone Lick, we have the mylodon and megaltherium in Georgia. Mr. Darwin found animals of the same group in the Atlantic border of South America, in strata of later date than certain marine newer pliocene and post-pliocene beds. 2nd. That these quadrupeds lived after the deposition of the northern drift, and were contemporaneous with existing species of molluscs; and 3rdly, that coldness of climate was not the cause of their extinction.

ASTRONOMICAL SOCIETY.—*Jan.*—F. Baily, Esq. V.P., in the chair. J. E. Ashby, Esq. was elected a Fellow. The following communications were read:—

1. A Letter from Professor Hansen 'On a New Method of Computing the Perturbations of Planets, whose Eccentricities and Inclinations are not small.' "I hasten to communicate to you a piece of astronomical intelligence of some importance. You are aware that all the methods that we possess for calculating the perturbations of the planets suppose that the eccentricities and inclinations are small, and that for those of the celestial bodies, which move in orbits very eccentric and very much inclined, we have been hitherto obliged to calculate the differentials of the perturbations for a great number of points of the orbits, and to integrate them by mechanical quadratures. I have just now discovered a method by which we can calculate the absolute perturbations,—that is to say, the perturbations for any time whatever, whatever be the eccentricity of the ellipse and the inclination of the orbit. For a first example of this method, I have calculated the perturbations of the comet of Encke produced by Saturn. The series to which my methods lead are of such rapid convergence, that the perturbations of the longitude contain only forty-six terms, and the perturbations of the radius vector and of the latitude, somewhat fewer than this. I have reason to believe that it is impossible to reduce them to a less number of terms." Prof. Hansen then gave an example of his method.

2. 'On a new Arrangement of a Vertical Collimator attached to the Altitude and Azimuth Instrument,' by W. Simms, Esq. The essential respect in which the altitude and azimuth instrument differs from similar instruments by which it has been preceded is this: the azimuth or vertical axis is perforated and fitted with an achromatic object-glass having a diaphragm in its focus, so as to serve, in conjunction with the spirit-level upon the instrument, as a vertical collimator.

3. Description of a Universal Instrument made by M. Ertel, of Munich.

4. Occultations observed chiefly at Ashurst in the Year 1842, by R. Snow, Esq.

5. Observations on the (apparently periodical) Variations in the Lustre of certain Stars of the First Magnitude, by T. Forster, Esq.

INSTITUTION OF CIVIL ENGINEERS.—*Feb. 7.*—The President in the chair.—The business commenced with a paper by Mr. Dobson, explaining an adaptation of Bramah's hydraulic press, for diminishing the labour of raising and lowering a drawbridge over one of five openings, in a stone bridge erected over Bowcombe Creek, Devon, by Mr. J. M. Rendel.—The press was so arranged, that a rack on its piston-rod worked into a pinion on the axis of the rising part of the bridge: the labour of even a female at the force-pump sufficed to give it such a motion as that it only occupied about fifteen minutes in raising and lowering the drawbridge. The machinery appeared simple, and was stated only to have cost about 7l. annually for repairs and keeping in order for twelve years.

'An Investigation of the Comparative Loss by Friction in Beam and Direct-action Steam-Engines,' by Mr. W. Pole. This paper, consisting almost entirely of mathematical investigation, and involving the application of the differential and integral calculus, was read in abstract. Its object was, to show the futility of an objection frequently urged against the "direct-action" or "Gorgon" engines, from their alleged increased friction. The results of this investigation appeared to be, that,

The vibrating or oscillating cylinder engine	has a gain of 1.1 per cent.
The direct-action engine, with a slide	a loss of 1.8 ..
Ditto with a roller	a gain of 0.6 ..
The "Gorgon" engine	a gain of 1.3 ..

showing that the direct-action engines as generally constructed, and as adopted by the government for the steam-vessels in the Navy, has rather the advantage over the ordinary beam or side-lever engines. In the conversation which ensued, it was agreed that the allowance which had been usually made for friction in steam-engines had been overrated; that, in reality, the friction rarely amounted to more than 1 lb. per square inch; and that, owing to the perfection to which the construction of machinery had now arrived, a further gain might be anticipated. Although the law of "friction being independent of the area of the rubbing surface," as given by Poisson and others, was impugned by some of the members, it was allowed, that as both kinds of engines had in the paper been treated analytically by the same rule, the results for both would, in an equal ratio, approach towards truth, and that, therefore, the conclusions arrived at might be received as correct.

Sir M. L. Brunel then presented a drawing and models of the polling boards by means of which he had been enabled to traverse the ground under the Thames, through which he had pushed the tunnel. This contrivance was described by him at length.

Messrs. Chevalier, Benkhausen, E. S. Barber, T. Barton, T. E. Blackwell, G. L. Taylor, and W. Spence, were elected Associates.

*Feb. 14.*—The President in the chair.—In the conversation which was renewed upon Mr. Pole's paper, 'On the Comparative Friction of Beam and Direct-action Steam Engines,' the author further explained the nature and objects of his paper, which had not been fully understood on the former evening, and illustrated the mode of analytical reasoning, by which he had arrived at his conclusions. He then proceeded to answer the objections which had been raised against the laws of friction adopted by him, and to comment upon the mode of experimenting of Vince and others; showing, on the other hand, by quotations from the recorded experiments of Amont, Coulomb, Rennie, and Morin, and from the works of Gregory, Brewster, Emerson, Playfair, Barlow, Farey, De Pambour, Poisson, Pratt, Whewell, and Moseley, that the views he had taken were correct. He also noticed the variations produced by attrition, and by the introduction of unctuous substances between the rubbing surfaces. These views were corroborated by several members present; some of whom had been quoted as authorities, and the propositions involved appeared to be generally received.

'A new mode of making malleable Iron direct from the ore at one process;' it is the invention of Mr. Clay, and is used at the Shiroa works, near Kirkin-tiloch. By this process a mixture of dry hematite, or other rich iron ore, is ground up fine, with about four-tenths of its weight of small coal; this mixture is allowed to pass gradually through a hopper into

an oven adjoining, and forming part of a species of puddling furnace, into which a given quantity is drawn at stated times, when thoroughly and uniformly heated. The charge is then puddled in the usual manner, but with less labour than when working plate iron; and in about an hour and a half the iron is produced in a malleable state, fit for shingling and rolling into bars. After another process of filing and rolling again, malleable iron bars are produced, of a quality (as was stated by some members present) superior to the cable bolts or best iron usually made by the long and expensive process of calcining the ore, smelting in the blast furnace, and refining the pig-iron, and the saving of fuel is necessarily very great. The iron was stated, also, to be capable of being converted into steel of superior quality, and when worked by Mr. Heath's plan, of uniting manganese in the process, cast steel was produced, which possessed the property of welding or uniting to iron; and, in consequence, all the cutlery which was formerly made of shear steel was now made of cast steel. The cast iron produced by the scorie, or refuse slag of this process, is of a better quality, in consequence of the absence of phosphoric acid, which is ordinarily present in the limestone, and as a flux in the blast furnace. This discovery may be the means of working the comparatively unopened mines of hematite of rich quality existing in Lancashire, Devonshire, and Cornwall, all of which could be brought into use by this means; and if, as asserted, the iron made good steel, England would be rendered independent of Sweden.

*Feb. 21.*—His Grace the Duke of Buccleuch was presented on his election as an Honorary Member.

The discussion was renewed upon Mr. Clay's process of making malleable iron from hematite ore. It was shown that of the twenty-five thousand tons of steel made annually in this country, not more than two thousand five hundred tons were made from the best quality of Swedish iron; the rest was made from inferior charcoal iron from Russia and Germany, or from English iron, which was not well calculated for converting.

An account was then given, by Mr. J. O. York, of the 'Experiments upon the strength of the ordinary Solid Axles, as compared with the Hollow Axles invented by him.'—It was submitted that the requisite qualities in a railway axle were, first, the greatest possible degree of rigidity between the wheels, to prevent the axle from bending or breaking from concussion; and secondly, the greatest quantity of elasticity and freedom in the particles of iron within the axle itself, to prevent the injurious effects of vibration. It was contended, that the hollow axle was better able to resist these strains than a solid one, because the comparative strength of axles is as the cubes of their diameters, and their comparative weights only as their squares; consequently, with less weight in the hollow axle, there must be an increase of strength; and also that the vibration had a free circulation through the whole length of the hollow axle, no part being subject to an unequal shock from the vibration, and that the axle would therefore receive less injury from this cause than a solid one.

SOCIETY OF ARTS.—*Feb. 8.*—Mr. Esquilant explained his method of making architectural and other ornaments of leather. The process employed is to prepare metal moulds of the separate leaves, petals, and other parts of which the flowers to be represented are composed. The leather of the required thickness is then to be cut to the proper form of the leaf, petal, &c., and afterwards soaked for a day or two in a solution of rosin and common oil of turpentine. When the leather is fully impregnated with the liquor, it is taken out, carefully wiped, and then cold-pressed in the mould with sufficient force to give it the intended figure. The subject was illustrated by specimens in imitation of the carvings in wood by Gibbons and others.

Mr. Whishaw read the first part of a paper 'On the Application of Electricity to the Arts and Manufactures of the Country.'—The immediate subject was the application of electricity to the transmission of signals, by means of Messrs. Cooke and Wheatstone's telegraph, already in daily operation on the Blackwall, Edinburgh and Glasgow, and Manchester and Leeds Railways. By experiments lately made by Mr. Cooke, he is enabled to lay down the telegraph at half the original cost—the iron tubing for pro-

teaching the wires from injury being dispensed with, and the insulated wires being suspended either from wooden or iron standards, nine feet high, ranged at convenient intervals.

'Todd's Portable Hatching Apparatus.'—Many schemes for hatching chickens, ducklings, and the young of other domestic poultry, have at various times been brought before the public. The advantages claimed for Mr. Todd's apparatus are portability, the little attendance required, and the small weekly cost of keeping up the required temperature. The whole contrivance is inclosed in a vessel of cylindrical form, made of sheet-iron, whose diameter is 24 inches and height 22 inches. It consists of the following parts:—the hatching tray, occupying the upper part of the vessel, which is 21½ inches in diameter and 2½ inches deep, is lined with wool, and has around a central aperture, through which the steam passes from the boiler to the hatching department, a reservoir of annular form, 1½ inches wide and 1½ inch deep, to contain water for the purpose of keeping the atmosphere of the hatching compartment in a sufficiently humid state. The boiler, of zinc, is placed 3½ inches below the bottom of the hatching tray, is 22 inches in diameter, and 10 inches in extreme depth, the upper and lower sides being of a somewhat hemispherical form. The boiler is filled with hot water by a ¾ inch pipe, passing out on one side of the vessel into a vertical reservoir of 2 inches diameter and 5 inches high. In the centre of this reservoir is a cylindrical case, in which a thin copper wire, suspended from a float in the upper part of the reservoir, works freely, and which is connected with a valve at bottom, working in a small pipe communicating with the heating chamber. The use of the float and valve is to regulate the temperature of the water. The heating chamber is of copper, about 4 inches square, and 19 inches long, running in a central line through the boiler. It is furnished with a lamp tray having any number of burners that may be required according to the temperature of the apartment in which the apparatus is placed. The lamp tray, in the present case, is 7 inches long, 4 in width, and 1½ in depth. The hatching process is simple, and may be thus described. When the eggs are first placed in the hatching tray, it is necessary to mark 1 and 2, or A and B, or some other mark, by which to distinguish opposite sides; as also to write the date on each egg, so as to distinguish one batch of eggs from another. The tray will hold 100 eggs. Once in every 24 hours, for 21 successive days, it is necessary (for so Nature dictates) to turn the eggs: at the expiration of that time, when the chickens break forth from their shells, it is found advisable to leave them in the tray for about 24 hours, before they are transferred to the rearing compartment, the temperature of which is about 12° lower than that of the hatching room.

Feb. 22.—Mr. Juckes's patent furnace was described, and illustrated by a working model.—(See ante, p. 91.)

CHEMICAL SOCIETY.—Since our last report the following papers have been read:—

'On the Division of the Equivalents of the Phosphorus family of Elements by three,' by Professor Graham. This family includes the elements nitrogen, phosphorus, arsenic, and antimony, of which the division of the received equivalents by three has already been advocated on various grounds. The new argument adduced here in its favour is founded on the thermal relations of two sets of salts. The equivalent proportions of nitrate of potash and bichromate of potash produce considerable cold when liquefied by dissolving them in water, which is of exactly the same degree in both salts. This indicates a similarity of constitution, and the two salts will possess the same number of atoms, namely ten, if the single equivalent of nitrogen in the nitrate of potash is reckoned three. Again, biphosphate of potash, binarsenate of potash, and tetrachromate of potash appear likewise to produce all the same degree of cold on dissolving. The last-mentioned salt certainly contains fourteen atoms, and the other two are made to correspond with it in that respect, if the single equivalent of phosphorus and arsenic, which they respectively contain, be supposed to be three atoms.

'On the Sugar of the *Eucalyptus* of Van Diemen's Land,' by Professor Johnston of Durham. This is an exudation of sugar or manna, in tears, or drops, which may be collected in considerable quantity. When crystallized from alcohol, it gave the same composition as grape sugar, but differs from it in relation to heat and other properties, and is considered by the author to be a new and distinct species of sugar; and not mannite, as hitherto supposed.

'Remarks on the Determination of Nitrogen in Organic Analysis,' by W. Francis, Esq. The author adds his testimony in favour of Dr. Will's mode of determining nitrogen, the accuracy of which was doubted; and tests its powers by new analyses of picrotonine, which give 1.3 and 0.75 per cent. of nitrogen in that vegetable principle—quantities too small to be appreciated by the old method.

A communication, by Mr. Balmain, 'On the probable existence of Nitrogen, combined with Silicon, in soils and other substances.'

'On Palladium; its extraction and alloys,' by W. J. Cook, Esq. The author described particularly the means adapted for the extraction of this metal from the gold ores of the Brazils, as practised in his establishment.

'On the Formation of Fat in the Animal Body,' by Dr. Justus Liebig. The carnivorous races of animals thrive on azotized food, which supplies material to replace their wasted tissues, and these wasted tissues again afford material to be oxidated or burned in respiration, and support the animal heat. But besides azotized matter, the food of the gaminivorous races contains sugar, starch, and gum, which are not employed in the proper nourishment of their bodies, but solely for the generation of animal heat by combustion at the expense of the oxygen of the air. The disappearance in like manner of fat in the animal system, in circumstances where rapid oxidation is known to occur, seems to point out a similarity in the use of the latter, which thus becomes burned in the body into carbonic acid gas and water, in the absence of the vegetable principles above mentioned. It is well known that gaminivorous animals, abundantly supplied with food containing starch or saccharine matter, and whose respiration is, to a certain extent, checked by want of motion and exercise, become in a short time loaded with fat, which the above consideration indicates to have been formed out of the excess of non-azotized food over and above that required for respiration. This is supposed to take place by a metamorphosis analogous to that by which alcohol and carbonic acid are produced from sugar. This opinion of the origin of fat has recently been called in question by M. Dumas, who contends, that the whole fat of an animal body has been furnished ready formed, in that state, by the food itself, and cites an experiment in which a goose has been fed for some time upon maize, supposed to be free from fatty matter, the starch of the grain appearing to have generated the fat found in the bird, an inference which he rejects by showing that maize itself contains a large quantity of oil: it therefore became desirable to obtain additional evidence on the subject. In an experiment at Giessen, three young pigs were fed, during thirteen weeks, on peas and potatoes, the quantity of fat contained in these vegetables being calculated, from the researches of Braconnot and Fresenius. It was found, at the expiration of that time, that the bodies of these animals contained no less than about seventy pounds more fat than could possibly have been given in the food, and which was therefore inferred to arise from an alteration of the starch. An equally satisfactory experiment is described by Boussingault, in which the butter furnished by a cow was found to exceed greatly the fat of the food. The author then states the result of a chemical examination of hay and straw, with reference to fatty matter, and describes them to contain about 1.5 per cent. of a crystalline waxy matter, mixed with chlorophyll, altogether different from ordinary fat. The excrements of a cow, fed on those substances, yielded a quantity of the same waxy substances corresponding very closely to the whole quantity contained in the food; so that it appears quite evident that the fat of the butter does not arise from this source. The author concludes with observations on the composition of maize, which contains very different quantities of oil, from

1 to 9 per cent., when grown in different localities. [See ante, p. 93.]

'On the Changes in Composition of the Milk of a Cow, according to its exercise and food,' by Dr. Lyon Playfair. The principal object which the author had in view in this paper, is to draw the attention of practical men to the conditions which effect a change in their dairy produce. An improved mode of analyzing milk is described and followed. The cow being in good milking condition, and at the time fed upon after-grass, he ascertained the average amount of her milk for five days, and then proceeded to analyze it. In the first day it was observed that the milk of the evening contained 3.7 per cent. of butter, and of the following morning 5.6 per cent. The deficiency in the first observation is referred to the consumption of a greater portion of the butter or its constituents, from respiratory oxidation during the day when the animal was in the field, than during the night when it was at rest in the stall. When confined during the day, and fed with after-grass in a shed, the proportion of butter rose to 5.1 per cent.; when fed with hay, the butter was 3.9 and 4.6 per cent.; when fed with portions of potatoes, hay, and bean flour, the butter was 6.7 and 4.9 per cent.; with hay and potatoes, 4.6 and 4.9 per cent. The author then examines Dumas's theory of the origin of fat in animals, in reference to the foregoing experiments, and concludes, in opposition to that theory, that the butter in the milk could not have arisen solely from the fat contained in the food, while it may reasonably be referred to the starch and other unazotized elements of the food, as maintained by Liebig. Experiments of Boussingault are quoted in favour of the same conclusion, and observations of dairymen in different localities. Potatoes are particularly favourable to the flow of milk and increase of butter, from the starch they contain; so is malt-refuse. Porter and beer are also well known to be favourable to the production of butter, both in the milk of woman and of the cow, although these fluids do not contain fat. The quantity of caseine (cheese) in the milk, is shown to be dependent on the quantity of albumen in the food supplied on different days to the cow, and to the supposed destruction of the tissues by muscular exercise. Peas and beans are the food which yield most caseine. Pasturing in the open field is more favourable to the formation of caseine, while stall-feeding is more favourable to the formation of butter. It is also shown, that the proportion of butter, in the milk of woman, is increased by rest and the diminution of the respiratory oxidation.

Feb. 5.—Papers were read by Dr. W. Gregory, 'On a new mode of reducing Silver conveniently, by decomposing the chloride of that metal, by a strong solution of caustic potash, and heating the oxide of silver afterwards in a crucible,' and by Professor Everitt, 'On the preparation of Malic Acid,' which he finds to exist in large quantity in the leaves of garden rhubarb; which is recommended as a preferable source of this acid to the berries of the mountain ash.

PHILOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—Feb. 10.—Prof. Wilson in the chair.—A paper was read by Prof. Latham upon the Languages of the Negutos of the Asiatic and Australian Islands. By the term Negutos was meant a variety of tribes approaching, in their physical characters, the type of the African, and spread over a long range of islands from the Andaman Islands, west to the Fijis, east, and from Formosa, north, to Van Diemen's Land, south. In the Moluccas they had the appearance of being the aboriginal inhabitants, anterior to the dominant race of the Malays. From New Guinea, eastward and southward, they were the sole occupants of large islands. Physical conformation indicated a multiplicity of races. The evidence of language had not hitherto been examined. The enumeration of the Neguto localities was followed by the enumeration of the vocabularies of their languages. Of these there was an insufficient number. The fullest evidence was for Australia. As far, however, as the data went, the following statements were considered as verified. 1. That the languages of each particular island (even to the whole extent of Australia) were radically one. 2. That the languages of New Guinea, New Ireland, Solomon's Isles, New Hebrides, and

\* The Meetings of the Society are held at 49, Pall Mall.



(probably) New Caledonia were radically one. 3. That there was an affinity between the languages of Van Diemen's Land and that of Australia. 4. That the evidence in favour of all the Negrito languages, of which we possess vocabularies, being allied to one another in the same way that the languages of the Indo-European tribe are allied, was quite as strong as could be expected from the scantiness and paucity of the data.

## MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

- AS. Asiatic Society, 2, P.M.  
 B. Botanic Society, 4.  
 G. Geographical Society, half-past 8.  
 S. Sculpture.  
 T. Institution of Civil Engineers, 8.—'Description of the Roofs over Buckingham Palace, covered with Lord Stanhope's Cement,' by F. Hogg.—'Account of the Victoria Bridge on the Durham Junction Railway,' by D. Bremner.—'Account of repairing a high chimney, at Messrs. Cowper's Cotton Works at Glasgow,' by J. Colthurst.  
 Z. Zoological Society, half-past 8.  
 W. Society of Arts, 8.—Mr. Cassella 'On an Improved Rain Gauge.'—Mr. Whishaw 'On Arithmography.'  
 R. Royal Society, half-past 8.  
 P. Painting.  
 Z. Zoological Society, 2.  
 S. Society of Antiquaries, 8.  
 B. Royal Institution, half-past 8.—Mr. Williams 'On Ancient Greek Coins.'  
 B. Botanical Society, 8.

## FINE ARTS

BRITISH INSTITUTION.  
Middle and South Rooms.

We must notice, as among the best things in the Middle room, a few cabinet pictures. Two of these are (145) Mr. Carpenter, jun.'s *Scene on the Avon at Salisbury*, and (146) Mr. Brockey's *Scene from James's Noel of Philip Augustus*—the figures full of affection, yet so cleverly painted as to deserve a note of admiration. Mr. Brockey has undertaken a more serious task in his *Il Reposo* (178)—the last version of 'The Flight into Egypt'; we are sorry to add, one of the least satisfactory. Though the Virgin Mother be placed in a reclining position, her figure is twisted so as to preclude the idea of rest. The child, again, is strangely down; but the colouring of the whole is better than the drawing. Mr. F. Howard exhibits, in No. 186, a cabinet group of 'Christ blessing the Children,' which, as far as design goes, might have been studied with advantage by Mr. Brockey, though it is still chargeable with feebleness—a fault into which those treating a subject so delicate are apt to fall.

Another odd piece of cabinet work, bearing as odd a title—is Mr. Haydon's *C'est lui* (173) for who could imagine that these two French words designate the portrait of the Duke of Wellington? or rather of the Duke's lack? We presume that in time we shall have the hats and coat tails of all our statesmen thus commemorated; and cannot but fancy the whimsical effect of a gallery thus furnished! Mr. Haydon's 'demon,' we fear, is rarely under due control. There is hardly a visitor to the gallery, who will not smile at the huge *Curtius* (384). Yet there is genius in the picture: though the attitude of the horse resemble the coiling of an heraldic wyvern rather than the plunging of a steed, though the man wears on his brow the look of true opera heroism—and though the gulph be far more like the lonely rift of some desert moor, than the one which yawned in the Forum, its horror enhanced by contrast with the towers and temples, at whose very feet the fatal chasm unclosed—the contrast between animal terror and human devotedness is forcibly and finely rendered. Mr. Haydon, however, has not done justice to his own conceptions by his colouring: the harsh tones and glaring contrasts of this picture remind us of the strange 'Phineas' by Poussin in the National Gallery.

Returning to the *Middle room*, we must specify with a word of praise, M. Lafaye's *Bedchamber of Louis Quatorze* (154), which is truth itself, and, had but a little more air been admitted into the picture, might have challenged comparison with the most elaborate Flemish interior. In another branch of art, the strong men of Antwerp and Amsterdam are rivalled by Mr. Sidney Cooper: see his cattle-piece (No. 195), which could hardly be surpassed, whether for texture or for finish. Neither is Mr. Copley Fielding's *Vessels at Burlington Pier* (198) at an impossible distance

from Vandervelde—the deficiency being a want of that marvellous transparency, which, be the depth of gloom or the brightness of sunlight ever so intense, is never absent from the sky and water of the Neptune among marine painters. We are next to speak of one of those landscapes which England can show, without parallel or archetype; we mean Mr. Martin's vision of *Goldsmith's Hermit* (211). In his grand architectural perspectives, and his dreams of old Jerusalem and Nineveh, he has been, perhaps, forestalled by Paul Brill, whose compositions, if less magical in their distribution of light and shade, are, perhaps, even yet more marvellous for their accumulation of details, and immensity of prospect. But we have no precedent for Mr. Martin's reading of Nature—whether it be literal, as in his exquisite little water colour drawings of hedge-row and cornfield, or poetical, as in the grand landscape, suggested by Goldsmith's simple ballad. What if the eye, at first, be startled—*shocked*, by the conventionalisms of his colouring, by the prodigality of azure blue, metallic brown, and yellow gold with which he has flooded the canvas—it will, ere long, become reconciled to the extravagance of these tints for the sake of their richness and harmony, and the poetical invention of the composition upon which they are expended. The light that lingers upon the wood-crowned heights to the left of the scene, the depth behind depth of shadow, which have enfolded the valley, the solemn retirement of the path leading upward to the hermitage, are all in our artist's best manner: the two figures, it may be added, not in his worst.

We shall merely specify Mr. Morton's *Study from a Hindoo* (226), and Mr. O'Neil's *Scene from Twelfth Night* (239), observing, however, as regards the latter, that a gratuitous improbability is given to it, by the obvious girlishness of Viola. No Duke, were he ever so enamoured—no Olivia, were she ever so fantastic, (how much more when waited upon by a keen, sprightly, penetrating Maria!) could have, for an instant, been imposed upon by the doublet and hose of the maiden if they were no more of a disguise than here represented. Mr. Linnell's *Forest Scene from Nature* (240) lacks subject; but there is always something in the artist's manner of handling which we like, and which, as we have heretofore said, reminds us of the free, yet distinctive landscape touch of Rubens. One of the most charming landscapes in the room, is Mr. Stark's *Penning the Flock* (251)—a work, we are surprised to perceive, as yet uncoloured, and which is a welcome variety from the artist's usual manner. There are parts of it which Cuyper need not have disdained.

Hard by this landscape hangs the best single figure in the exhibition—the *Effie Deans* (255) of Mr. Middleton. She is represented seated on her prison-bed: perhaps the serenity of her reverie is too placid and her features have a dutiful peacefulness (despite their sadness) not altogether befitting one so wilful and petulant as the poor Lily of St. Leonard's. But allowing for this mitigation of the expression, so exquisitely touched by Scott, that none but a master hand could paint up to his text—the picture has a beauty, a pathos, and a simplicity yet breadth of effect, which raise it high above most of its compeers in the exhibition room. All the details, too, are felicitously arranged, and the work ought to add to the reputation of its graceful painter. Why is it that Mr. Middleton is so sparingly to be met with?

As we are asking questions, we will now put an inquiry which, for the last three years, has been at our pen's point—and demand of Mr. Inskip when he is going to treat us to a new manner? or when he means to finish the pictures painted in his present peculiar style. He is considered, by some of his admirers, to have administered a stinging sarcasm to 'the powers that be' in the malicious R.A. with which he has branded the hind quarters of the donkey in his *Ferncutters* (427): we, on the contrary, feel that such an attack is unwise in one on whom Academic Science could retaliate so sharply. For what, save excess of mannerism, is there to give any peculiar character or value to such a picture as his *Despondency* (268)?—where it is impossible to avoid suspecting that the lady was not so sorrowful but that she could do that most coquettishly striped mantle off others, by way of humouring the artist's fancy for colour. And though the Ferncutters aforesaid have a touch of rural grace with all

their homeliness, which reminds us of Gainsborough, on what plea could the artist defend himself, if attacked by some irate professor on the score of slovenly handling to the point at which painting and daubing meet? We wish too well to Mr. Inskip, and think too highly of his taste in countenance and in colour, to see him degenerating into a mannerist, without raising a voice of warning. After having pointed to a simply quaint costume figure *Sunday Morning* (284) by Mr. C. Martin we are clear of the *Middle room*: a few pictures in the *South room* claiming a word or two. Mr. Shayer disappoints us in his large pair of rural subjects (347 and 356) as a still greater want of atmosphere than distinguished his early pictures is to be remarked in these. There is poetry and grace in Mr. Severn's *Silvia* (368), and some character in Mr. Fraser's *Illicit Whisky Still* (412), but the colouring is sadly feeble and streaky. Lastly—though Mr. Lauder shows a certain sense of male humour and female beauty in his picture (418) from the last scene of 'The Fortunes of Nigel,' giving us a very fair King Jamie, and a sweetly graceful Margaret Ramsay, his discrimination of character is less clear. Which of the elders is George Heriot, and which the caustic Sir Mungo Malagrowth, is problematical; but the picture is one of the better class exhibited: and we are glad that it enables us to make our exit from the British Institution with a word of praise, and hope for the future.

## MISCELLANEA

*Paris Academy of Sciences.*—Jan. 30.—A report was read by M. Gasparin, on the agriculture of the Maine-et-Loire.—M. Chasles presented the translation of an abacus discovered by him in one of the public libraries. It is devoted to an explanation of the rules of multiplication and division.—The peculiarity in the system relates to a mode of division which has fallen into disuse, and which differs completely, at least as regards form, from the process which we have retained. The system appears to have consisted in taking an imaginary divisor, greater than the real divisor. If the latter be a number of a single figure, 10 is taken as an imaginary divisor. In this manner, the quotient obtained is the dividend itself. It then remains to multiply the divisor by the quotient, to subtract the product of the dividend. Instead of this mode, the operation is carried on by arithmetical complements. The complement of the division is multiplied by the quotient, and the result is regarded as a new dividend. Thus, 43 are divided by 7; the complement of the division is 3; the quotient corresponding to the imaginary divisor 10 is 4; the product of the complement, by this quotient, is 12; we add this product to the rest of the division, which gives, as a new dividend, 15. It is as if we had multiplied the real divisor by the quotient 4, and struck the product 28 from the dividend 43. Dividing in the same way 15 by 10, we have 1 for the quotient, 3 for the product of the complement by this last quotient, and 5 + 3, or 8 for the new dividend. Here we can no longer operate by the same method, for we must divide by 10; we return, therefore, to the first mode; namely, we divide 8 directly by 7. The quotient is 1, and there remains 1. The partial quotients, then, are 4, 1, and 1, so that the total quotient is 6, and there remains 1. It will be perceived that this process of calculation, which the author of the abacus applies to all cases, and which in point of fact consists in dividing by 10, would lead to decimal fractions. But the author had no idea of these fractions. We find nothing in all these works but the theory and use of the Roman fractions.—An account was given of some experiments by MM. Sandras and Bouchardat, with a view to ascertain the mode of absorption of the different elements of nutrition contained in the principal articles of food used by man or the lower animals. Taking as a basis that soluble aliments are absorbed by the veins, and insoluble aliments by the chyliiferous tubes, it remained to be ascertained in what way nature had provided the means of rendering certain aliments soluble, or of separating them to such a degree as to enable them to pass through the chyliiferous tubes. MM. Sandras and Bouchardat divided their experiments into two series: one chemical, the other physiological. The chemical experiments showed the action which water, slightly acidulated by chloridic

acid, exercises upon the fibrine, albumine, caseum, gluten, and the gelatinous tissues. All these substances enlarge and become translucent, and some of them dissolve. It is sufficient in order to produce most of these phenomena, to add to 10,000 grammes of water 6 grammes of hydrochloric acid, but it was found necessary in order completely to dissolve the fibrine to add a few drops of rennet. Hydrochloric acid, therefore, is not the sole dissolving agent in the gastric juice; the animal matter, called pepsino, or chymosine, must also be present. This being admitted, it appears probable from the experiments of MM. Sandras and Bouchardat, that neutral azoted animal substances, when once dissolved in the stomach, pass directly into the veins. This is the case with gluten. Starch and fecula are wholly or partially converted into lactic acid in the stomach, and are absorbed in this form. Neither starch nor sugar is found in the chyle during a course of feculent alimentation. Greasy substances resist the action of the stomach, and pass into the intestinal canal, where they form a sort of thick cream, and at the same time the chyle, under their influence, develops itself in extraordinary abundance in globules capable of rendering them milky and opaque. According to MM. Sandras and Bouchardat, therefore, greasy substances are the main agents in the production of chyle, so necessary for the process of digestion.—A communication was read relative to some experiments on the blood, by MM. Andral and Gavaret. These gentlemen, struck with the fact that a professor had succeeded in precipitating albumine in the form of globules, by adding a sufficient quantity of water to serum neutralized by an acid, repeated M. Liebig's experiment, and found that the globulous bodies, which developed themselves in the serum of the blood, were nothing less than the first rudiments of the vegetable of fermentation. Their experiments were repeated on the white of an egg, and on various serosities produced by disease, and the result is, that whatever may be the albuminous liquid, the alkaline property of which is removed by an acid, the same phenomenon presents itself.—Feb. 6.—On the Diluvium of France, by M. Fournet. M. Fournet enters, at great length, into a review of the prevailing theories as to the geological changes of the earth, and contends that those persons who attribute the presence of the immense deposits of a character essentially different from the localities in which they are found, to the overwhelming pressure of enormous glaciers, or those who ascribe them to an irruption of the sea, are equally in error. He supposes these fragments to have been brought by one or repeated deluges of fresh water, and makes a calculation of the force with which they would be carried, and of the effect which such overflowing would have in forming a channel through the valleys, and creating regular and continuous rivers.—On the presence of entozoaires in the blood of a dog. MM. Gruby and Delafond's paper reported the discovery of animal life in the blood of a dog. There has hitherto been no well-authenticated case of such phenomenon in warm-blooded animals, excepting birds. The presence of animal life in the blood of cold-blooded animals, particularly frogs, however, is common.—On the use of Arsenic as an external application for the cure of Cancer. M. Mance states that, in most of the cases in which it has been tried, mixed with ointment for the cure of cancer, either radical cures have been effected, or the extension of the disease has been so checked as to prevent the destruction of the patient. The secretions, says M. Mance, for some days after the administration of the remedy, give proofs of the presence of the arsenic, thus showing that it has been absorbed, but none of the injurious effects of the poison are manifested in the system.—A communication was made respecting insanity in the United States from M. Rammon de la Sagra. He informs us that the greater number of insane persons is in some of the States of New England, and the smaller number in the States of the South, and the new districts of the West recently civilized. The general rule, however, as to the States of the South is not without its exceptions, for the high number of one insane person to every 700 of the population in the North is found also, he says, in some of the States of the South.—In the course of the sitting some specimens of lithographic engraving in relief by means of acids, by M. Tessier, were laid before the Academy.—Feb. 13.—M. Pelouze

read a report on the discovery of a new acid of sulphur, recently made by MM. Fordos and Gelis.—M. Arago communicated the results of the experiments made by M. Becquerel, jun., in the application of the daguerreotype process to the study of the solar spectrum. M. Becquerel has demonstrated that the obscure lines of the spectrum correspond with the gaps which are rigorously equivalent in chemical radiation. In mentioning the curious results of the experiments, M. Arago went into considerable details as to what remains to be done on this subject, in order to follow up the discovery of M. Daguerre, and arrive at a solution of the long-pending discussion on the undulations of light. M. Arago then alluded to the experiments made by M. Fiesau, with a view of ascertaining the correctness of those of M. Moser, on the extraordinary transmission of images without the aid of light. He stated that M. Fiesau had satisfied himself of the reality of the results, and would shortly lay a paper on the subject before the Academy.

**Metropolitan Improvements.**—On Wednesday evening a meeting of the Metropolitan Society was held. Mr. J. Ivatt Briscoe in the chair. The chairman congratulated the meeting on the attainment of one of the principal objects of the society, the appointment of a Government Commission to prepare a comprehensive plan of Metropolitan Improvement. From a letter in the hands of the secretary from Sir Robert Peel, it appeared that the new Commission had commenced its labours by inquiring into the expediency of an ordnance survey and map of London upon the largest scale, and it was understood that the Commission was now engaged in considering the various plans proposed for an embankment of the Thames. Mr. Martin, the painter, said, that for fourteen years he had been engaged in promoting the twofold object of throwing open the banks of the Thames, and of converting the contents of the sewers, now flowing into the river, to agricultural uses. Mr. W. E. Hickson observed, that some idea of the pecuniary value of the liquid manure, now permitted to be lost, might be formed from the fact, that in Paris a new contract had recently been signed, by which the contractor agreed to give the city 22,000*l.* per annum for the contents of the cesspools of Paris. Mr. Fowler observed, that as numerous private interests would be affected by an embankment of the Thames, it was very important to watch any proceedings relating to this object, in order that the public interest should not be sacrificed. Mr. W. Lindley was anxious that the new Commission in considering any plan for the embankment of the north side of the river, should inquire into the practicability of connecting it with the Essex road by means of a new and broad street running from Aldgate to the Thames, so as to form a practicable carriage thoroughfare from the west to the east of London, which now could scarcely be said to exist.

**Lotteries and Little-goods.**—The "extension," as it is called, of "the principle of Art-Unions" has not only been followed by our own Ham, Tongue, and Twelfth-cake men, but by the citizens of Dublin and Glasgow; and the following announcements will, we think, excite the envy of the Polypenic people:—

**"STUFFED BIRDS OF PARADISE, &c.**—Eighty-four rich prizes of glass shades of stuffed birds, a superb musical table, speaking parrot, Italian greyhound, &c., to be drawn upon the same plan as the Royal Irish Art-Union on Friday, the instant, at one o'clock. As only 20 tickets remain unsold, no postponement under any pretence whatever will take place. Tickets only 2*s.* 6*d.* each. Those subscribers who were unfortunate in the last drawings will be allowed tickets in this at 2*s.* each, to be had at Grafton-street.—N.B. For sale the head of a New Zealand Chief."

"The head of a New Zealand Chief" is a touch of the sublime: we recommend the Polypenic people to secure this treasure. From Glasgow we have an advertisement of a "subscription sale," as it is called. "A gentleman leaving the country" is desirous, it appears, of parting with "a valuable chamber organ, a few framed prints, and a day and night telescope," and all these treasures are to be "disposed of in 176 shares, at 10*s.* each, on Wednesday, the — of March, at 7 o'clock in the evening, in Messrs. —'s Furniture Rooms, Argyle Street, where the subscription-book lies."—At home, we have "The Friendly Union" to add to our catalogue. Here, for a quarterly 2*s.* 6*d.*, there is to be a "distribution" of "cabinet furniture, blankets, hosiery, and silks," every article "varying in value from 10*s.* to 20*l.*"

Respecting the Proof of *The Lattice*, we have received the following letter:—

Mr. Lloyd's assertion, that "a proof of *The Lattice* has never been either sold, advertised, or even printed," must be quite disposed of as to the printing, by the exhibition of it at your office. Allow me to add one word as to the sale of it. Within these ten days, I myself saw, in the stock of a printer in Cambridge, a print of *The Mantilla*, and a proof of *The Lattice* with open letters. About this, sir, there is "no mistake," for I had a conversation with the printer on the audacity of Mr. Lloyd in denying the existence and sale of this latter engraving.

Feb. 20, 1843.

I am, &c.,

We are obliged to our correspondent, and the more so because he has sent us his name as a guarantee for his statement. We have also received a letter from Mr. Lloyd:—

I find that it is your intention to exhibit publicly, to-day, at your office, a specimen of the engraving of *The Lattice*, which you are pleased to term a "proof," simply because the word *Lattice* is engraved in open letters. Now I beg to inform you, that all the subscribers to the "National Art-Union" are supplied with precisely similar prints to the one you call a proof, as there is but one character of lettering adopted upon all the plates.—I am, &c.,

20th February, 1843.

RICHARD LLOYD.

What a pity Mr. Lloyd did not make this statement in the first instance, instead of rudely contradicting Mrs. Parkes, and leaving the public in the dark, until we "declared our intention" of exhibiting the prints. Mr. Lloyd talks of a plate with "open letters" as what we "are pleased to call a proof." Will he tell us what Mr. Moon is "pleased to call a proof"? How print publishers distinguish proofs from prints but by the open letters? The fact, however, now established are these:—the subscriber who went off chuckling with what he supposed was a proof of 'The Lattice,' published "by the proprietors" of the National in 1842, is now informed that he has got only a print of an old engraving, published under the name of 'The Mantilla,' by Mr. Moon, in 1838.

**Wealth.**—One of the best and most satisfactory uses of wealth, my dear boy, (says Punch, in his 'Letters to his Son,') is to dazzle with our riches the eyes of our neighbours. Your dear mother once hit this point to a nicety. We had long expected the payment of a small legacy bequeathed to her by a distant relation, whose exact degree of kindred I cared not much to inquire into. It was enough for us that your dear mother's name was down in the will; and that the executors promised some day to faithfully perform the injunctions of the dear deceased. 'And when we get this money,' said your mother to me in a moment of connubial confidence, 'I tell you what we'll do with it—I tell you, my love, what we'll do with it.' As I knew she would proceed no further until I begged to know her intentions, I at once put the question. 'What, my dearest, what will you do with it?' 'Why, my love,' answered your parent, her eyes sparkling with pleasure, 'we'll take the plate out of pawn, and give a party.' Yes; the great gratification to be gathered from the legacy was, that we might flash our four tea-spoons and pair of tongs in the eyes of people for whom we had not the slightest esteem; and to one of whom your mother had, I know, on three occasions capiously refused the loan of her bellows. "I think I have heard you say you love the face of Nature? The open sky—the fields, the trees, the shining river, all are glorious to you! My dear boy, whatever may be your present delight in contemplating these objects, as yet you know nothing of their value. Look upon them with the eye of a proprietor, and what a bloom will come upon the picture! Every bit of turf will be an emerald to you; every grasshopper will chirrup—a very angel to your self-complacency; every tree, moved by the wind, will bow to you as you pass by it; the very fish in the river will

Show to the sun their wav'd coats dropp'd with gold, reflecting there your wealth, and not their beauty. Nay, that portion of the sky which rains and shines its blessings upon your land, you will behold as yours; yea, human pride, strong in its faith of property, will read upon the face of heaven itself—"MEUM!" Every sunbeam will be to you as tangible as if it were an ingot. How delicious and how entrancing must have been the feelings of Adam when he awoke in Eden, to find himself—a landed proprietor!"

**Erratum.**—Page 163, col. 3, line 18 from bottom, for Sir J. Ross, read Captain J. Ross.



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